

NEW MASSES



DEVELOP YOUR PERSONALITY

HER BEST FRIEND WOULDN'T TELL HER

—and there isn't much a best friend wouldn't tell.

For years she had been reading all the news unfit to print, the Saturday Evening Pest and Sloppy Stories. All her reading matter, her ideas, her thoughts, had been concocted in a capitalist sewer, strained through a bourgeois filter, and then half-baked in a progressive oven.

In consequence she had developed a fearful case of

MENTAL HALITOSIS



Drawing by Adolph Dehn



THEN A REAL FRIEND

told her the truth and backed it up with a copy of the

NEW MASSES

and a lively breeze of fresh air swept through her brain and freshened up her whole mental apparatus.

She is getting better. She is sitting up and taking notice. Specialists tell her that with care and a monthly dose of NEW MASSES she will someday be able to think for herself. And the entire treatment, for a whole year, cost her only \$2.00.

Subscribe NOW!

Name

Address

Tear out, Pin to a \$2 bill (check or M. O.) and mail today!

NOTHING TO IT

HE HAS been in America seven years. Maybe he's Italian. Maybe Jewish. His English is halting—his attitude nonchalant to the *nth* degree. Black, piercing eyes. Black, crisp hair. Young.

He hates New York. He's going back to Pittsburg Sunday.

"When I get back," he says, with beautiful casualness, "I'll send you 100 subs a month for six months. Nothing to it. And workers! Every sub I send you will be a machinist or a coal miner!"

The man who introduced him to us says he *can* and will do it—says he stepped into the smoking car on his way here from Pittsburg the other day and got 12 subs on the train.

"What do you do—knock 'em down?" we ask curiously.

He shrugs his shoulders "I get 'em."

He gets 'em. Do you get *us*? We want you to get subscribers for us—yourself and one other—two others—ten others. The sky's the limit.

We are in dead earnest about this. It is a serious matter. We *cannot* live without subscribers. Do you want us badly enough to keep us alive? It's up to you.

MUST NOT DIE

THE NEW MASSES must not die! I'm sending one hundred dollars to the 1927 Sustaining Fund" writes a good friend from California. Other contributions are coming in in every mail in fives, tens, twenty-fives and fifties. But we must get at least two thousand dollars in this office before March 15th. The time to help is right now. Help sweep the world clean of Mumbo Jumbo. Every dollar that you send is a straw in our broom.

ANTI-OBScenity BALL

TO PROVE that to the pure in heart all things are pure, we have decided to call our Spring Frolic the NEW MASSES ANTI-OBScenity BALL. (See Page 32)

AN APOLOGY

IN MY article last month on the fight for democracy in the trade unions, I made a mistake in stating that Joseph Schlossberg, secretary of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers' Union, was a member of the heresy-hunting committee to expel left wingers and radicals from the union.

Brother Schlossberg is not on this committee; it is his brother Amalgamated official, Abe Beckerman, who is on it, and is doing most of the slugging, raving, flag-waving and lobbying.

I am glad that an apology is due Brother Schlossberg, and that he has not gone back on his honorable rebel past and joined the trade union Ku Klux Klan. *Michael Gold*



Drawing by William Siegel

The White Peril

NEW MASSES

VOLUME 2 MARCH, 1927 NUMBER 5

Subscription \$2 a year in U. S. and Colonies, Canada and Mexico. Foreign \$2.50. Single copy, 25 cents

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Published monthly by NEW MASSES, INC. Office of Publication, 39 Union Square, New York; Cable Address, NEWMASS, New York; Michael Gold, President; Egmont Arens, Vice-President; Ruth Stout, Secretary; James Rorty, Treasurer. Copyright, 1927, by NEW MASSES, INC. Reg. U. S. Patent Office. Drawings and text may not be reprinted without permission.

Entered as second class matter, June 24, 1926, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Subscribers are notified that no change of address can be effected in less than a month. The Original Drawings, Etchings and Lithographs reproduced in the NEW MASSES are for sale. Inquiries as to prices should be addressed to this office.

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APRIL NUMBER

Russia. Albert Rhys Williams writes about the extension of the revolution into the villages. He shows how the coming of the tractor into some remote village may be as exciting and significant as those "ten days that shook the world."

And Huntly Carter gives a first hand picture of the proletarianized theatre.

The Intellectuals. Henri Barbusse has issued a manifesto calling upon the Intellectuals to take a position on the side of the Proletarian Revolt. Translated for the NEW MASSES by Mary Reed.

Julian Gumperz tells the story of Georg Grosz, the German caricaturist, who saw all his gestures end in futility until he joined the revolutionary labor movement.

Xavier Guerrero, the Mexican painter, wants to see revolutionary paintings in every union hall, cooperative and workers' meeting place. He tells how they are putting them there in Mexico.

France. "Surrounding Paris like a blood-red necklace on the white throat of a woman is "Le Banlieu Rouge," the Red suburbs

Hyperion Le Bresco describes these radical communities which are "the shock troops of Communism."

Art and the Machine Age. Ezra Pound, as shown in the present issue, has accepted the revolution as grist for his mill. James Rorty in a brilliant review of Pound's *Collected Poems* shows that this aesthete and troubadour is something more than a poseur. On the other hand, Whit Burnett writes a criticism of Pound's *Antheil, and the Treatise on Harmony*. Finally Max Eastman sends, (as his contribution to the controversy started by NEW MASSES *Questionnaire*) a satiric poem, spoofing the machine idolators.

Other Features. Eli Siegel, author of "Hot Afternoons Have Been in Montana" has written a poem for us entitled: "Let Fat Men in Plush Coats Do As They Please a Little" which promises to be the most parodied poem for 1927. Also another knock-out poem by Kenneth Fearing called *Angel Arms*. The usual exciting array of cartoons and drawings.

You Can't Lose! Here's a proposition for the most timid sports. Send us \$2. If you don't get your money's worth in the first issue, we'll refund your money.

MAY NUMBER

OUR first birthday will be marked by all kinds of special fire works, including an extra color. There will be a few cheers from the sidelines. Tell us what the NEW MASSES means to you.



Drawing by William Steig

TEAR OFF THIS YOKE!

LOUD SPEAKER & OTHER ESSAYS

By MICHAEL GOLD

Don't Save Your Money

IN THESE days one must feel like a soldier. We are soldiers bivouacked between two battles. Tomorrow morning bombs will fall again on London, Paris, Berlin, and Mexico City.

I marvel at simple souls who save their money, plod to offices, and plan college careers for their children.

Those children will be soldiers on mad, diabolic, chemical battle-fields, they will die in mountains, butchered by gas, Lewisite and capitalism.

It is so clear. Kellogg is preparing; Mussolini has the signals in his hand; Sir Arthur Chamberlain has already ordered the troops to China. It is clearer than in the months before 1914.

The truth shrieks like a calliope from every newspaper. It snickers behind every smooth oration of the diplomats.

How can our wonderful "intellectuals" appear so calm? But see how furious and sweaty Mr. Mencken can become about Prohibition or Americana. These liberals are simply frivolous fools.

A friend of mine says: "If I hadn't read Marx and Lenin I would cut my throat rather than wait for the next 'liberal' war."

Pepys

I have been handed a new edition of Pepys for review, published by Harcourt, Brace & Co. \$3.50. This little man has long been a favorite with our "whimsical" school of Oxford-American literary snobs. Reading his diary for the first time, I discover him to be a puny lickspittle, a flunkey who followed Cromwell when the Iron Democrat was in power, to desert him when the Royalists returned; a bureaucrat ever hungry for bribes, a valet to the rich and great, a sneaking *flaneur*, a petty domestic tyrant, who beat his man-servants and seduced every girl-servant in his path; a liar, an ignoble coward, a Peeping Tom, a panderer, a peacock, an ungrateful son and faithless friend; a climber.

Now after reading his confessions I understand why Pepys has long been so popular with our lesser literary men; they are cast in his image; they recognize their brother in Samuel Pepys. He is the perfect bourgeois.

College Suicides

Eleven boys and girls have committed suicide in the colleges during the past month. They were intellect-

uals; they were boys and girls who ten years ago would have been fervent members of the Intercollegiate Socialist Society, with Jack London, John Reed, Walter Lippman.

But in today's America there is nothing to satisfy such youth. It is unfashionable to believe in anything social and positive. There are only two positive realistic philosophies in America today—that of the capitalist imperialists, and that of the Communists.

But American youth has been taught by its elders to scoff at both—and what is left for the young spirit? It must gnaw at itself and die.

Buying A Flower

One gold and blue morning in Mexico City, bright as a lake, I went out to buy a flower for my buttonhole. At the flower market the handsome Indian woman gave me a carnation and smiled.

"How much is it?" I asked.

"Nothing," she said, "it is only one flower, so I will charge you nothing."

"But how will you live if you don't charge money for the flowers you sell?" I asked, striving to be logical.

"We Indians will live, Señor," she smiled.

The Mexicans are not commercial. You can stop in the poorest hut and take the last beans out of the pot and the best bed and be welcome.

But the American Army will change all that.

Once, with Don Felipe, we spent six hours drinking and roaring with the Sheriff, the Judge and other joyous citizens of the village of Tonala. Then, after many embraces, we mounted our horses, and rode off into the wild Mexican night.

The villagers fired their revolvers after us. The moon blazed. The fields and mountains swam by, the passionate perfumed beauty went to our heads. Our horses danced, we sang, we shot our revolvers and whooped at the dark sky.

It was wonderful to be young, reckless and free.

But the American Army will change all that.

E. W. Howe of Kansas

The only honest capitalist in America is E. W. Howe of Kansas. This mean-minded, shrewd, elderly Yankee writes exactly what he believes, which is more than can be said of a thousand others, who are constrained to pose as nature's noblemen.

Ed Howe believes that poverty is God's punishment on the vicious and lazy, and says so. He believes that the rich have earned every cent they own; that there can be no love between the sexes, and that marriage is a commercial affair; that labor unions are conspiracies of the inefficient against the capable; that it is sentimental to trust your neighbor; that big cities and the foreign-born ought be suppressed; that cigarette smoking is effeminate; and that Mussolini is the greatest man on earth.

Every week in his newspaper the admirably honest Ed Howe preaches that money-making is the highest virtue known to man, and that Fascism is necessary in America, castor oil, and all, if the republic is to be preserved.

This man is vastly admired by George Jean Nathan and others. They have not the courage to adopt his creed, which secretly is their own, and so they praise him in the category of "quaint."

Myself, I think he is an old fool, a miser, and an elderly sadist. He is the true philosopher of the bleak, sinister, plutocratic America that will engulf us all unless we make a united stand.



Decoration by William Siegel

Miss Gratis the Aesthete

Miss Gratis never did a thing. She had inherited a million dollars from a father who owned many gory Polak butchers in packing houses in Chicago, and she was discontented, and practised poetry and painting with two maids and a cook in an old colonial house on Fifth Avenue, in Greenwich Village.

She had Art conversations, and listened to strong, passionate male talkers and gave them money for their magazines but did not sleep

with them, for it was before the war, and the only men who then knew about Freud were pale and weak.

Miss Gratis loved types. She entertained Japs, Hindus, Icelanders, Litvak Jews, three Eskimos and a Hunk, all of whom wrote great poetry or painted great pictures. But then she grew bored and soon after a painter who had been a cowboy seduced her and then borrowed money from her and eloped with her best maid, she fled broken-hearted to Europe.

Miss Gratis met all the wonderful group in Paris, and they drank together every day and talked art, but she was lonely and couldn't write a thing for months until she met a young Chinese importer of ginseng and was happy; but he left her, and she went to Italy with a broken heart and met a terrific young army captain and turned Catholic and married him and paid his debts, and was very mystical.

But the captain slipped on a banana peel and died, and Miss Gratis after attempting to rape Marinetti and failing, because he was so busy, returned to America, and again practised art. She was deeply interested in the great Bayonne strike for a while, because a certain startling young poet told her about it, but then he went away and she gave up poetry and turned to pottery.

Later she was psycho-analyzed and did Red Cross work during the war to be objective, but when that unfortunately ended, she was forced to return to art, but this time she switched to collecting African masks and encouraging Blues singers.

She was always so bored, and never knew what to write, think, paint or do, and every month the big check came with love and kisses from the ten thousand gory Polaks in the packing houses of Chicago.

Money

The first stranger will leap into the river to save you from drowning, but when you are broke, even your best friend will hem and haw before he will lend you five dollars.

I have known men who fought gaily through all the battles of the war but who collapsed into a mass of shrieking nerves after six months of unemployment in New York.

Deep, deep in every American's heart is the belief that money is the standard of all things. An American has to face this prejudice frankly in himself, and extirpate it with a cruel knife before he can be an artist, a pioneer, a mature man.



Decoration by William Siegel

hundred typewriters drumming out statistics and manifestos.

I find "beauty" in a pamphlet by Marx, and in Lenin's words roaring and dancing like an earthquake.

O great organized Purpose, the roof of the world is cracking, and messages rain through.

Knockout

It must come it must come howl for it sweat groan foam bust your straw hat punch your neighbor scream for it weep laugh throw a fit it must come it must come his body is red as eczema he looks sick he can't see his eye is a jelly O good his legs like lead his arms like mountains drowned in sweat and despair he staggers under the terrible white lamps he knows the world is a beast and nothing can soften Americans but the knockout

it must come it must come cowardly clerks flunkey bricklayers tip-whining taxidrivers sneakthieves pimps cokefiends newspapermen lawyers parlor whores society dames all pant for tragedy

for heroism in others it must come those with ringside seats demand tragedy and doom for others because their own lives are so mean it must come

Announcement

Meierhold in Moscow is the great stage director of the modern world. He has broken down the silly drawing room walls of the theatre, and brought the street onto the stage. Constructivism is his invention; it is a technique for capturing the swift powerful movement of the Machine Age.

Art is a hunk of cheese, an old maid's dreams, if it is weaker than the life around it. The NEW MASSES symposium revealed that most American writers and artists are in full flight from the machine age. But constructivism has digested this age.

Strange; in semi-peasant Moscow, they have boldly converted typewriters, radios, jazz, skyscrapers, revolution and machinery into art. But in machine-age America writers still yearn bucolically like Keats.

A theatre called the New Playwrights' Theatre is being organized in New York to fight the commercial stage and the soft, sheltered introspective indoor stage of the intellectuals.

Its first play will be *Loud Speaker* by John Howard Lawson, at the West 52nd Street theatre, to be followed by *Earth*, by Em-Jo Basshe, and *Hoboken Blues*, by the writer.

This theatre may fail, but it will make the first heroic attempt to prove that the old theatre has come to an end.



Drawing by William Siegel

SUBWAY STATION

Poverty is like a dull, incurable disease, that lowers your vitality, strips you of every courage, makes the world gray and meaningless. Day by day the cur whines at your heels, infecting all your thoughts. Kill the hound; shoot him; be a ruthless soldier in some great cause, and maybe you can forget him.

Liberals don't like the Marxian phrase: Wage Slavery; but what else will describe the condition of those without money? You can hire people to do *anything* in America; to do murder, or work in tetraethyl plants, or report divorce cases for the tabloid newspapers.

When I read a book by anyone on any subject and feel no consciousness of poverty in it I know the writer has not faced life, and is either a coward or a highfalutin' fool.

America is the richest country in the world, but the vast majority here feel more insecure than the Bantu in his native kraal. Everyone is afraid of losing his job. The job-fear, the job-fever, the job-necessity, burns in every eye.

The poet who writes only of nature, the stars, the wind, love and similar "higher" themes has simply created a universe lacking its most significant element: Man. And Man cannot be discussed honestly if one

ignores the fact that he lives by Money.

The aristocratic writers like to pretend money is vulgar, not a "spiritual" theme, but millions of men died in the late war for money, and millions suffer for it every day in peace-time. It is the only tragic theme in the world today.

Newspapermen

Newspapermen eat excrement, and grow fat and laugh.

They torture a little child, and put on rosy flesh.

They hound a woman to the grave, and receive a raise in salary.

They slaughter some brilliant Chaplin, and the Boss sends them a personal note, praising their good work.

They made the sky stink, and were promoted to City Editor.

They polluted the crystal springs, and the Boss gave them a bonus.

I saw them raping a corpse.

And a university made them "Dean of the School of Journalism."

Oh, plunge the world into war, nightmare and murder.

It keeps the newspapermen alive.

Lower Broadway

New York points a gun at the forehead of the Eternal, and says: Hands up, you bastard, your money or your life.

Geometry has its melodrama, and better than the mountains which grow trees and bears, are these buildings that grow new thoughts and new men.

We will shoot the sun out of the sky, and put him in chains; he will be our central heating plant.

A million petty clerks crawl among the skyscrapers, and eat their ice-cream lunches at Huyler's, but a race of giants will walk over their faces.

Skyscrapers are a sneer at the mole and the coward. Some day they will belong to the Workers.

They are not minor poems of love and tenderness, and are distinctly not passive before nature, but rip the soft clouds to tatters.

Touch electricity and the world is yours.

The radio crows like a rooster bringing the new world.

Mr. A, the great engineer, has thrown Chaos into the wastebasket; and he prays to the God of numbers, who will give us peace.

When Freedom opened her office in the Kremlin, and worked with vouchers, day books and index cards, I was happy at last, for I knew she would capture the world.

Oh, a business man is pimping on the Virgin; he put her into a bawdy house run on the Taylor system.

Respectable heads borne on bloody poles are not as revolutionary as a



SUBWAY STATION

Drawing by William Siegel



SUBWAY STATION

Drawing by William Siegel

FIVE POEMS

By LOLA RIDGE

MOSCOW BELLS

Clang bells of Moscow.

Troop one upon the other in joyous confusion, chime burying chime,

Tumble out of your golden domes

Like an army aroused at midnight out of its first deep sleep to be told

at last there is peace . . .

clang-dang

clang-dang

clang—

Drown all sounds that cannot live in your exultant company.

Tear their song hot from the hearts of a people,

Roll it over your brazen tongues,

Toss it from spire to spire before it be cold

And lose forever its tender and fierce resilience.

Multitudinous old strong bells—

Poured of forgotten bondmen

Who gave you their aborted strength—

Blazon the immolated dreams

That spilled their colors in your tawny bronze,

Sound in your audacious symphony

Their scarlet angers—

Let the Ancient Dumb

Break through your stammering tongues

Their immemorial silence.

Loose

Over the caught air that trembles like love-flesh

Songs of the hearts of all wild boys who ride forth to love and death . . .

dance—

with your gestures comprehending

all loves

hopes

hates

defiant aspirations

prides

untamed cruelties

immolations

pities,

tearing at their own roots—

Sway in the mystic, incomprehensible dance of all parts indivisible, one in the dominant whole—

Proclaim—out of your transcendent dissonance, perfect as harmony,

The soul of Russia

Standing up in its shaken deeps.

KEVIN BARRY*

You that walked, with your head held high,

Shining and tall and straight through the trampled morning,

Did your red young mouth

Suck in the wind as a lover

Sucks in a kiss that is one of the last,

As you walked with the pride in your heart

And your bared throat warm to the wistful rope

(Tighter than arm of woman was the hairy kiss of the rope)

And your face held still and high

Like a flaming lily of Saint Joseph

In the cool blue of the morning.

* Kevin Barry was an Irish lad of eighteen who, some time after the Easter Revolution, was concerned in a demonstration in which one of the Army of Occupation was shot. His English captors were so impressed with his youth and the boldness of his bearing that they offered him his life on the condition that he would reveal the names of some of his comrades. He scornfully refused and was hung. The priest who witnessed the hanging said that he had never seen a man die more bravely.

GENESIS

Though your high dreams

May die . . . perhaps . . . on the cemented stone
That they cracked asunder . . . making way
For lopped things trampled in the dust and blood
Of the years' barricades . . . and hopes that die
Alone against blank walls . . . yet what new growths
Shall break in the new ground when spring is warm
Against the cobbled ways . . . and all the green
Battened down dreams of the world quickening . . .
Like spirals of aborted pines that strain
To touch their tips with stars.

RUSSIAN WOMEN

Not with Spiridonova shall we cast your sum,
nor with the many Spiridonovas
who have gone up in flaming affirmations,
Nor by Breshkovsky of the ashen eyes
Like last coals left alive,
spending to every wind.You swing of necessity into male rhythms
that at once become female rhythms,
you take high place as hills take sun—
being inevitably there in the path of the sun.
Yet in you there is no peace
but infinite collisions,
impact of charged atoms
in ceaseless vibration,
in you unimagined circuits,
in you uncoiled
passion electric—
the stroke swift
and the recoil as swift—
in you the unidentified power—
hysteria directed,
the world force.

MORNING RIDE

Headlines chanting—
youth
lynched ten years ago
cleared—
Skyscrapers
seeming still
whirling on their concrete
bases
windows
fanged—
leo frank
lynched ten
say it with flowers
wrigley's spearmint gum
carter's little liver—
lean
to the soft blarney of the wind
fooling with your hair
look
milk-clouds oozing over the blue—
Step Lively Please!
Let 'Em Out First. Let 'Em Out!
Did he, too, feel it on his forehead,
the gentle railery of the wind,
as the rope pulled taut over the tree
in the cool dawn?

THIS COCK-EYED WORLD

By WILLIAM GROPPER

THE ETHICAL PROFESSIONS—I



1. "Business is punk. I gotta make more jack! The next client I get, I'm gonna soak him good and pretty."



3. "So—you were hit by a trolley car. That's good. We'll sue them for \$50,000 and we'll split fifty-fifty—\$25,000 for you and \$25,000 for me."



2. "Well, well, well, if it isn't Mr. Schwarz. I'm so glad to see you."



4. "Gee, it's too bad Mr. Schwarz only broke two legs, a cracked skull, and some internal trouble, otherwise we could have collected more."

5. "Will you take a letter please—

Dear Mr. Schwarz:
I am glad to inform you that we have secured a judgment of \$35,000. As per our agreement I am retaining \$25,000 for services.
Please find enclosed check for \$10,000.

Yours truly,
Shylock, Jr."



Gropper.

THE GENTLEMAN FROM ARKANSAS

A STORY—By JOSEPH FREEMAN

AT THE height of the famine, Major Gerald Fairbanks arrived in Moscow to take charge of a department in an American relief organization. He walked into the office at ten o'clock on a sweltering July morning. A few Russian employes were sipping tea in their shirt-sleeves and chasing flies with newspapers. The Major gave them the once-over and they observed in a leisurely way his six feet of solid frame, his pink complexion, grey hair and neat grey mustache. The Major carried his fifty years well.

He walked into the inner office. It was empty. The Major raised his eye-brows and sat down at the desk. He opened his brief case and took out a bundle of papers and two photographs in thin oak frames. One was that of his wife, a broad-shouldered full-bosomed woman in the late forties; the other was that of his son.

Major Fairbanks rang the bell on the desk. A young woman came in. He had noticed her sitting in the outer room. Her hands were white and delicate, with long fingers and well-manicured nails. Her face, too, was delicate, with wide grey eyes and black lashes and a soft mouth that was on the verge of smiling.

—Do you speak English? said Major Fairbanks.

—Parlez-vous Francais? said the young woman.

—Un petit peu; j'étais en France pendant le guerre. Asseyez-vous, s'il vous plaît.

The Major offered her a chair and they talked in French.

—Where is everybody this morning? the Major asked.

—The heads always come in late.

—I have here Lieut. Belfort's name. Can you reach him by telephone?

—I don't think it will be any use, said the young woman. We have the telephone number of his hotel but he's not likely to be there. I'll try.

She phoned but there was no answer.

—How did you know he was out? the Major asked.

She smiled and hesitated. Finally she said, You are not one of those naive Americans, I hope. His secretary is out, too.

—Hm, said Major Fairbanks. He turned to the papers on the desk and pretended to study them for a few minutes. Then he said, And what is your name?

—Tarassova . . . Helen Tarassova.

The Major watched her for a few seconds, then he said, That will be all.

At eleven o'clock Lieut. Belfort blew in. He was young and full of pep. He introduced himself, shook the Major by both hands, banged him on the shoulder, laughed at the end of every sentence, and asked a hundred questions about America. The Major was a calm man. He let him rattle along for a while, then they got down to business. They talked business; they

several of the Americans in various departments of the organization were keeping Russian mistresses. The women were former aristocrats and the Americans gave them a taste of their old life. Jewels and clothes were cheap in American dollars. Along the Volga people were dropping dead like flies; but the former countesses and baronesses got their silk stockings and lingerie, their fine

A triumphant smile lit Lieut. Belfort's eyes. I'm giving a little party tonight, he said. Come along and bring your lady friend.

—I have none, said the Major.

—Shall I invite Tarassova? said Lieut. Belfort. She's unattached.

The Major remembered Tarassova. He liked her. She was pretty and knew a language he could understand.

There were eight people at Lieut. Belfort's party, four American men and four Russian women of the old regime. Lieut. Belfort served a wonderful punch and the talk got loud in various languages and jargons. The Major didn't drink much and Tarassova drank hardly at all. She sat at the piano and played snatches from Mozart, Chopin and Tchaikovsky. The Major stood stiffly at the piano and smiled to her, and she smiled back.

—My wife plays a little, too, said Major Fairbanks.

He took out his pocketbook and showed her a snapshot of his wife. A fine woman, he said; a splendid type of American womanhood.

Tarassova smiled into the hard middle-aged face on the snapshot.

—And this is my boy, the Major said. Nineteen. Best football player in his school.

Tarassova began to play softly the waltz from Faust, and the Major said:

—Why don't you tell me something about yourself?

—There's not much to tell. My father was a general in the old army. He was killed in the world war. We lost our property in the revolution. I have a younger brother in the Red Army. He went over to the Bolsheviks at the very beginning. I have no head for politics; I'm trying to fit in to the new scheme of things. Life isn't so cheerful now, but I guess it'll be better before long. I work hard and read a lot. I'm getting old—twenty-seven. I've never been married. What else can I tell you?

The Major said nothing. He became conscious of the music she was playing. At two o'clock in the morning he took her to her room. It was small and bare. A cot, a little wooden table, and one chair. A pile of books crowded the window sill. The Major thought: No wonder the boys at the office can get all these swell dames. They're poor as hell. A silk chemise and you can have the Czarina's sister. He started to say goodnight, and stopped.



From an Etching by Beulah Stevenson

CAME THE DAWN

talked over plans for reorganizing the office; they talked for about an hour and the Major asked no personal questions till they got through. Then he said quietly:

—Belfort, it's none of my business how you spend your time outside this office or whom you carry on with, but from now on you will be here at nine A. M. sharp every morning.

Lieut. Belfort blushed a little. He said, Very well, sir, and left the room.

In the next few days the Major learned the ropes of the organization, fired one interpreter and two typists, hired new ones, improved the card index system, and discovered that

wines and foreign cigarettes. There were occasional public parties for the staff of the organization, and a lot of private parties for the friends of some of the officers.

Major Fairbanks came in at nine sharp in the morning and worked until seven or eight at night. In Arkansas and Washington he was known as a hard worker and model husband.

By Saturday afternoon he was tired. He relaxed in his chair and looked absent-mindedly at his wife's photograph on the desk. He rang for Belfort.

—I'd like to play a little, said the Major. What can a fellow do around here?

—I like you very much, he said in the doorway.

—I like you, too.

He kissed her and she yielded without resistance.

That's how Helen Tarassova became the Major's sweetheart.

They had dinner together several times a week and went to the movies and the Bolshoi Theatre. Sometimes they read French books together. She taught him a few Russian phrases and he taught her to say "Honey" and "Baby." He was conscious of something simple and honest in her attachment to him. She expected nothing and got nothing. Once he brought her a trinket which he picked up in a Caucasian shop. She said:

—I'm happy to get this because I think it shows you like me. But don't treat me like these other men treat their women. Don't try to buy me. Some of these countesses are a vile lot. Don't put me in the same class. I want you to really like me. You think I'm sentimental?

The Major was a little touched, mostly flattered. This feeling of hers, he thought, was so simple, you might say, so Russian—and so inexpensive.

In October Tarassova went down with typhus. She lay in the hospital in a critical condition, and for two weeks the Major couldn't see her. When he finally was allowed to her bedside she was still in fever. He stroked her flaming hands. He was anxious to do something for her. Did she want anything? Fruit? Candy? Food? Tarassova wanted nothing. She was hovering in a world of fire and pain. She really wanted to be left alone. So when the Major kept on insisting that he must send her something, she smiled faintly and said, Send me some ice.

The Major left and Tarassova went off in a daze. She forgot the visit. Three days later the fever went down and Tarassova woke up with an appetite. She kept saying to the nurse,

—God, if I could only have a little fruit it would be simply heavenly.

An attendant brought in a huge package. It was inscribed "From Major Gerald Fairbanks to Helen Tarassova, With Affections and Warmest Wishes for a Speedy Recovery."

—Open it quick, cried Tarassova. Roll out the oranges and the apples. It's fruit, I'm sure.

But it was only a cake of ice.

The nurse laughed and Tarassova laughed.

—You see, said Tarassova, the



Drawing by Otto Soglow

PROLETARIAN REVOLT

"Cut me hair short—I don' wanna look like dese intellectooal guys."

Americans are a literal-minded people.

That was the second gift the Major gave Tarassova.

When Tarassova returned to her room the Major was very attentive. He came to see her every day. He read French books to her. When she was completely recovered they resumed their old life. The Major was very satisfied.

—Helen, he said one night, you make me quite happy here. I am very grateful. You have given me an awful lot.

The next morning he got a letter from his wife in Arkansas. She was not feeling quite well. She wanted him to come back. She was getting lonely without him. He simply had to come back. The Major was a little disturbed. Was it possible that some American in Moscow had written back about this Tarassova business? The bastard. Perhaps his wife was really getting lonely. Now that the boy was grown up she had nobody but the Major. There was nothing in the letter to indicate any suspicion

on her part. Belfort, maybe, wrote something. Moscow to Washington to Arkansas. If she's heard anything she'll raise hell. I think he resented being caught the first day I came here. This business is getting messy. Scandal. The Arkansas Bulletin.

MAJOR'S WIFE ASKS DECREE NAMING RUSSIAN ARISTOCRAT

The Major relieved his feelings a little by a vague assumption that somehow or other Tarassova had injured him. He decided to pay a flying visit to Arkansas. Maybe stay there. At any rate he would have a chance to straighten things a bit. Curtain Tarassova.

The Major made all arrangements for leaving without saying a word to Tarassova. Four days he spent shopping, buying up furs, jewels, and souvenirs of various kinds. One night he phoned Tarassova. She came to see him at his hotel. The Major exhibited his trophies.

—Isn't this a wonderful fur coat? he said.

—Marvellous, said Tarassova. She hadn't had one since 1917.

Ten thousand roubles, said the Major. It's for my wife. He opened another package.—What do you think of this shawl?

—Its Caucasian. I adore this shade of red.

—That's for my wife, said the Major.

Tarassova looked at him puzzled. Why is he playing this stupid game? She sat down on the bed and let him go on while she watched in silence. He showed her scarves, and rings, and brooches, and Caucasian slippers, and diamonds, and studded cigarette cases, and stitched Ukrainian towels and pillow cases and table clothes, and muffs, and caracul hats, adding after each,

—This is for my wife.

The show must have taken over an hour. When he was through showing all the gifts the Major took both Tarassova's hands in his and said,

—Good bye, dear Helen. You've been awfully good to me. Be happy. I'm leaving Russia at seven tomorrow morning.

He didn't even leave her a package of American cigarettes.



PROLETARIAN REVOLT

"Cut me hair short—I don' wanna look like dese intellectooal guys."

Drawing by Otto Soglow

PEACHES AND SCREAM

By WHIT BURNETT

THE Dignity of the Courts, the Power of the Press, the Sacredness of Marriage, the Ideal of Pure Womanhood, Chivalry, Honor, the Dignity of Maternity, the Sanctity of the American Home, the Happy Ending, and the Camera That Never Lies—all these, and half a dozen other stock characters of the Great American Drama, in costumes a bit worn and frayed, joined hands at the Browning separation trial and after one last dance before Daddy and his Peaches, passed off the scene.

It was a great day—for the tabloids.

Christians, useful in the past as tidbits for lions, knocked off work in numbers. Here was something else again. Lions, being thrown to the Christians! Witness a full-grown social Lion, asking to be martyred and smirking sweet appreciation as the seething mob ripped him limb from limb.

Such was the spectacle at the Browning Separation Suit Trial, staged for the press and the cruel public, at White Plains, in the year of our Coolidge, 1927.

It was an animal fair, a three-ring circus, a girl-show, a melodrama, a debacle, a French farce, an outhouse comedy and a victory for free speech and the photographers.

"What did you say that witness's name was?" asked the right Honorable Supreme Court Justice, as he opened the case in the hurriedly insured courthouse at Carmel, N. Y.

"Guishow, your honor," said the End Man, Browning's Mr. Mack.

"Hmmmm," said His Honor.

"From the West of Ireland, your honor," explained Mr. Mack.

"That's all right, then," said His Honor. "I didn't think he was from the North of Ireland."

"If he had been, your honor, I wouldn't have brought him into the case!"

Loud applause. Let the show go on, professor!

Little, dairy-fed Carmel, jammed into its courthouse on the banks of the ice-bound Lake Gleneida, ripped at the morsel with its teeth.

But White Plains, thirty times bigger than Carmel, copped the show. Now all Westchester County gaped at the charmed Rolls Royce—Cinderella fairy chariot—and prostrated itself before the big Plot-and-Sub-division Man, the Lion with the bark of a Jackal.

Not even his wife, the Baby with the Acid Burns, got as big a hand when she entered the arena, as did Daddy, the Artless Adopter, the Man with the Striped Ties and the No. 6 shoe, the Bozo Who Was Married For Jack, the Funny Fellow with

the Trick Spoons, the Amusing Gent Who Drops Rubber Eggs and turns them, for the sorority sisters, into Pretty Green Handkerchiefs.

"Anybody falling off the top of the court furniture does so at his own risk," admonished His Honor, and the White Plains curtain rose.

If a curtain in an arena seems a bit out of place, so was nearly everything else. Bunny. Peaches. Flappers. Fat wives. Old women. Unemployed from the Bowery. Night chauffeurs. Sports writers. Hall-Mills trial witnesses. Sob sisters. Cartoonists. Official observers. Housemaids. Floyd Dell. One teddy bear. Three clay pipes. Seventeen widows. Two dramatic critics. The *New York Times*. The Associated Press. Henry Epstein. And everybody else but the White House Spokesman.

All was confusion—but such a happy, joyous, good-natured confusion.

Peaches: "Must I tell *all* before all these people?"

The Court: "Yes."

The plaintive blonde kitten shuddered in her furs and the multitude slavered its glee.

Extra! Extra! Bedroom Secrets! Fresh from the Front Line Stenches! Leased Wire. Special Correspondents. A whole menagerie of drawings of the principals—as rabbits, ganders, ducks, bears, peacocks, turkey gobblers, Arabian sheiks, and shoe trees.

Mama Heenan takes the stand.

"Now look here, Mr. Mack, this isn't anything funny to me. I don't want to play with you."

"You can't, Mrs. Heenan," says Mr. Browning's lawyer, "I'm a married man."

Bows and applause.

Honk! Honk! Here comes Mr. Browning.

Mr. Browning ("Don't, please," say the elite land brokers, "don't call him a 'realtor' even if he is a member of the Real Estate Board of New York—lots of folks are") waddles to the stand.

Wasn't he kind, affectionate? Didn't he put on the dog for his Peaches? Didn't he buy her animal toys? Sure he did! What did he get? Objections! The Leonine Prince Charming, past fifty, Wronged by Women, a Man Who Wanted Most of All to Have Children!

Of the three principals, Peaches was by far the most clear-headed. If she digs gold, she digs with her eyes wide open. When she said her darling Daddikums of the Tabloid Romance had proved a piker, she had dates, hours and places. And she always had to pack the bundles when they shopped because Daddy was bowing to photographers.

"Peaches Knows Her Onions," said the *New York Evening Journal*.

Mama Heenan wandered: "I says, says I"

But the Cinderella Man—the man of the world—of high finance and big subdivisions—apartments on Park Avenue—and Romance—

"Oh, Daddy. Da--ddy-e-e-ee!"

Unvoiced refrain: When does the raping be-gin?

"He lies," shouts Peaches, and weeps on her chin.

"She lies," cries Bunny, and tugs at his collar.

"They lie," cried the audience, and bought another tabloid

Something has happened to America. Something has happened to the Happy Ending. Didn't Peaches, the Fourteenth Street shopgirl, get her Dream Daddy? You bet! And how!

"And I'll get more yet," a witness 'heard' her say.

Happy Ending be damned, say the Christians. Give us the low-down. The lower the better. Hit below the belt so we can laff.

And for two weeks or more, the American public indulged itself in Tabloid Tales, in True Stories—in a laughably limited.

Anyone with an illusion about the inevitable association of brains and money, riches and taste, marriage and order, youth and innocence, courts and dignity, got a bulletinized course in de Gourmont's Disassociation of Ideas.

The trial knocked every canon of law and order, courtesy, breeding and decency into a cocked hat.

The 52-year old wealthy land and apartment man, connoisseur of 'composite' photographs, looked and acted on the stand like a 14-year-old. His terms of speech were those of a pubescent boy caught behind the outhouse *e pluribus unum*.

His wife, the heralded innocent of sixteen, was right there with the brain stuff, as hard as fourteen kegs of nails.

But the shrewd and plotting mother-in-law didn't quite come off, she failed to emerge from discursive, rambling-mindedness.

The Big Show proved again how unimaginative the Average Fellow is when he undertakes variations on an intimate theme. And for a trained nurse's family, the all-around knowledge of contraceptives was laughingly limited.



"I tell you, my brethren, man was made in the image of God."



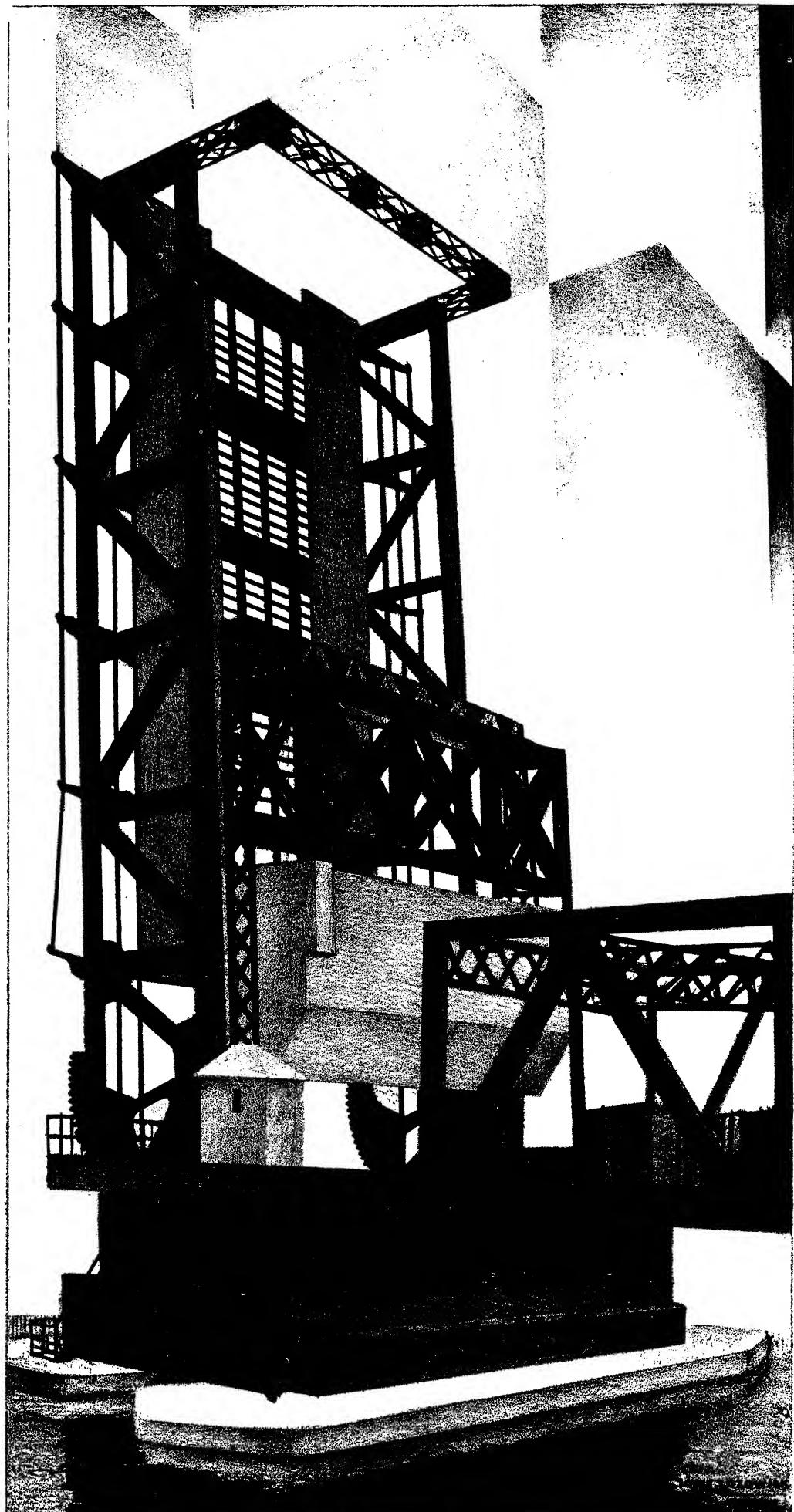
Drawing by William Gropper

"I tell you, my brethren, man was made in the image of God."



Drawing by William Gropper

"I tell you, my brethren, man was made in the image of God."



DRAWBRIDGE

Drawing by Louis Lozowick

The crowd watched the public unveiling without a single tear. There were no cries of "Shame! Shame!" There was no villain. No heroine, no real heart-interest in this show. No genuine sympathy. Daddy Browning was encouraged in the hope that he'd make a fool of himself again. He didn't disappoint them.

The mob cheered Peaches, but with hollow-hearted cheers. It was no *corrida de toros*; it wasn't even a full-fledged cock-fight. It was pretty sad, even, for a bed-room comedy.

Simply, first, Peaches peeled off her underclothes; then Daddy took off his. Peaches shuddered; Daddy smirked; and the good folk smacked their lips.

In an attempt to hide its embarrassment, the decorous press cloaked the process with retrogressive designations, and slapsticked the principals under circus headlines.

Sob-sisters, several years out of school, looked on, not much impressed. They'd been to better parties. 'Crowds of sex-starved girls tore at the courtroom doors, clamoring for admittance.

A crowd of these innocents glimpsed Him once in the hallway, and the sweet, shrill ecstasy of the old refrain made music in the corridors:

"Daddy, Oh—Dad-dy-e-e-ee!"

Something is happening to this great, purity-founded country. There is a new insatiable demand for red-hot details. The public is being served—by leased wire, special correspondent, the tabloids and the courts.

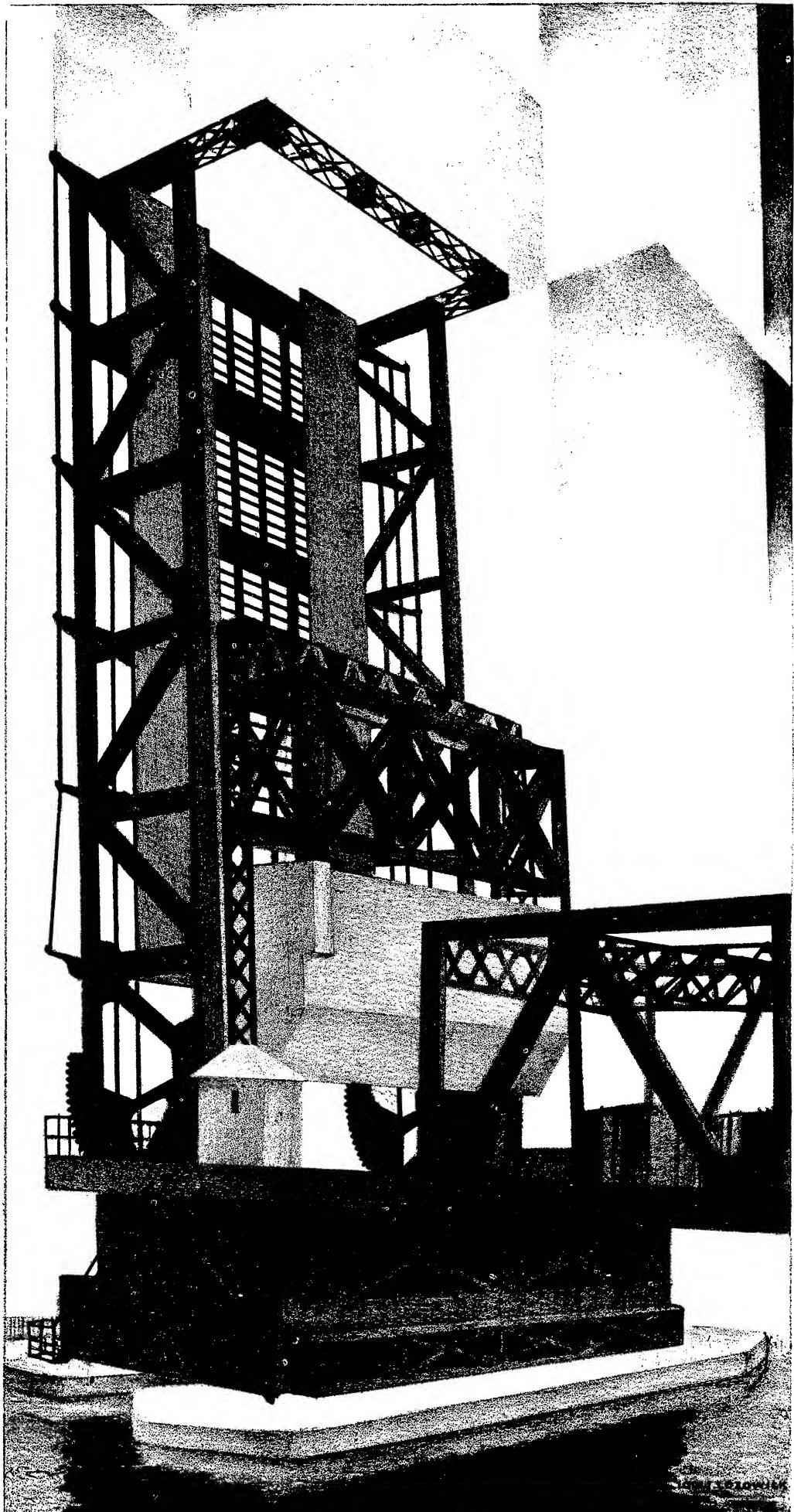
"Mama," says the little boy, "what does 'debauched' mean? I see by the papers—"

The Daily Mirror almost doubled its circulation through the Browning trial. The tradition that headlines had to tell the story went by the board for funny lines, "oh, Oh, DADDY!" And the *Evening Graphic* went into the Jurgens class. It was suppressed in Princeton, Yonkers and Weehawken.

The Boston Traveler said, "We're sorry we started to publish this story. We hereby stop." A Florida gazette barred the details for "sanitary reasons," but the conservative *New York Evening Post* placarded White Plains like an advance agent for a barnstorming, hoping to snare the tabloid Christians.

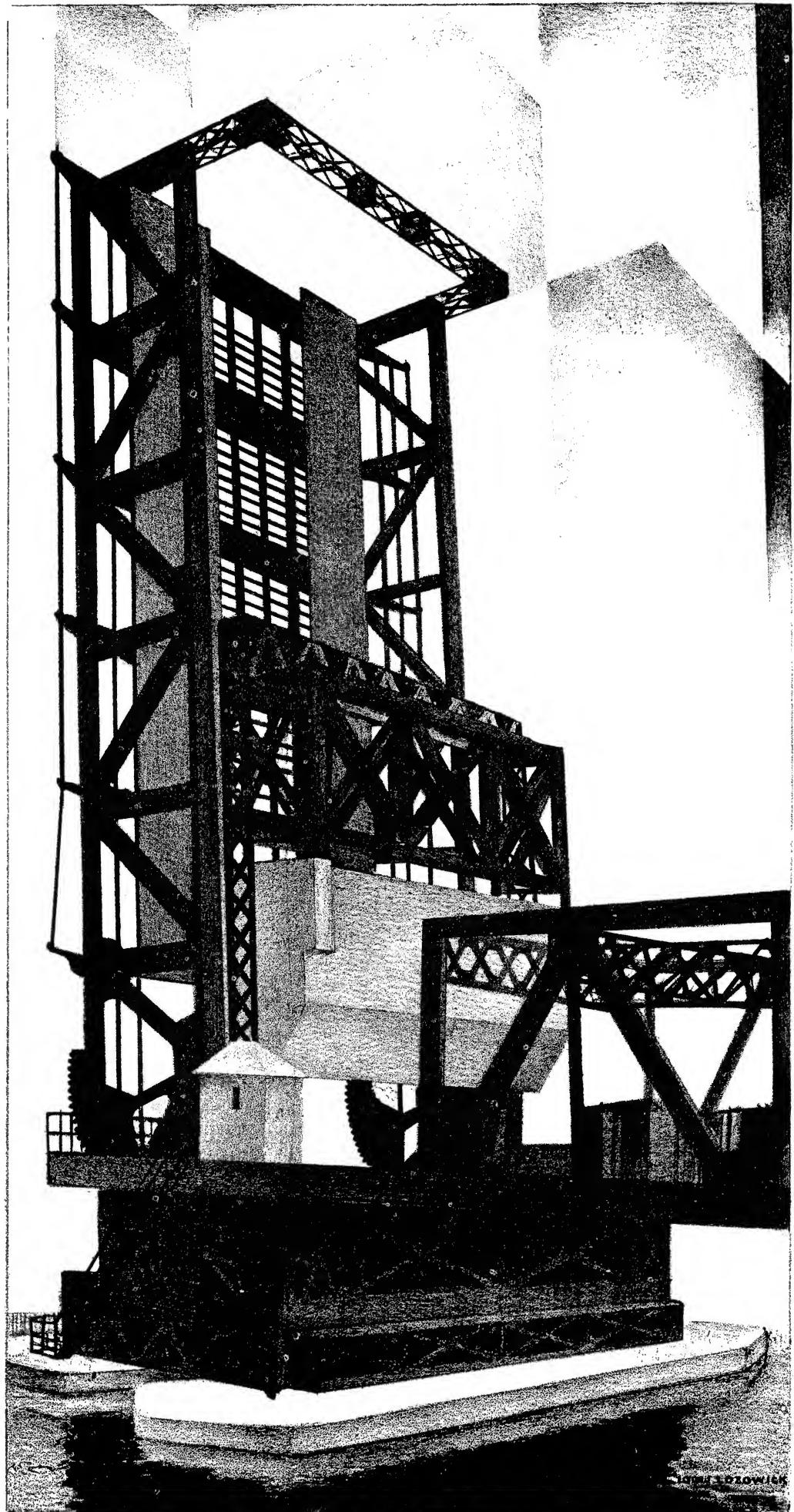
In Carmel, even the little room in back, *for men only*, was plastered by the nation's leading journal. And farmers from the backwoods stood amazed, their functions arrested, as they read in flattered wonder:

A COMPLETE REPORT
OF THIS
EVENT
IN TOMORROW'S
NEW YORK TIMES



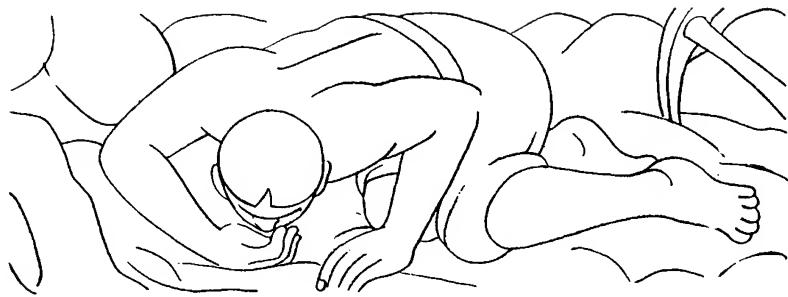
Drawing by Louis Lozowick

DRAWBRIDGE



Drawing by Louis Lozowick

DRAWBRIDGE



PAINT THE REVOLUTION!

By JOHN DOS PASSOS

R.T.B.

EVEN Cortez clanking across the dykes on his warhorse is said to have been struck by the beauty of the markets of Tenochtitlan. Your first morning in the City of Mexico. The sunlight and the bright thin air, the Indian women sitting like stone idols behind their piles of fruit or their bunches of flowers, the sculpture on old red colonial buildings and the painting on the pulque shops, all tie you up into such a knot of vivid sights that you start sprouting eyes in the nape of your neck.

Going to see the paintings of Diego Rivera in the courts of the Secretaria of public education straightens you out a little bit. They give a dramatic sequence to all this brightness and white glitter, to the terribly silent welling up of life everywhere. In tense earth colors that have a dull burnish to them he has drawn the bending of bodies at work, the hunch of the shoulders under picks and shovels of men going down into a mine, the strain and heave of a black body bent under a block of marble, men working at looms, in dye-vats, spooning out molten metal. Then there are the plodding dust-colored soldiers of the revolution, red flags and black flags of the Zapatistas, crowds in market-places, women hanging out washing, politicians making speeches, Indians dancing. Everywhere the symbol of the hammer and sickle. Some of it's pretty hasty, some of it's garlanded tropical bombast, but by God, it's painting.

Go round to the art galleries in New York. Look at all the little pictures, little landscapes after Cezanne, Renoir, Courbet, Picasso, Corot, Titian, little fruity still lifes, little modern designs of a stove-pipe and a bisected violin . . . stuff a man's afraid to be seen looking at . . . a horrible picking up of crumbs from rich men's tables. Occasionally a work of real talent, but what's the good of it? Who sees it? A lot of male and female old women chattering round an exhibition; and then, if the snobmarket has been properly manipulated, some damn fool buys it and puts it away in the attic, and it makes a brief reappearance when he dies at a sale at the Anderson Galleries.

"A lotta bunk this revolution

stuff in Mexico," said the salesman of brewing machinery coming down on the train from Laredo. "Peons don't know nothin' . . . It's only a lot of politicians fighting for the swag, when they're not hired by the oil companies. Why people down here don't know what the word means." He got off at Saltillo before I could find out from him what the word did mean.

And there's not only the Secretaria of education. When you're through looking at the three stories of frescoed walls, probably a good half mile of them, setting down in passionate hieroglyphics every phase of the revolution, you can go to the superb baroque building of the Preparatoria where Clemente Orozco is working. Orozco was a cartoonist and started with a bitter set of lampoons on the bourgeoisie; but as he worked he became a painter. His panels express each one an idea with a fierce concentration and economy of planes and forms I've never seen anywhere except in the work of the old Italian Cimabue. Again the revolution, soldiers and peasants and workingmen and the sibylline faces of old countrywomen. Over the doors the sickle and hammer. Imagine a sickle and hammer painted (in three dimensions, no Willy Pogany pastels of Progressive Evolution as in the Rand School), over the door of the Columbia University library.

And that's not all. Roberto Montenegro is filling the walls of another school with a sober and lilting decoration. There's a library dedicated to Ibero-American Unity decorated by him with a huge map of South America and Mexico where the U. S. is left in anomalous darkness. And everybody complains that the good old days are over, that nobody is painting any more.

As a matter of fact the Sindicato de Obreros Tecnicos, the painters' and sculptors' union, that was the center of this huge explosion of creative work, has broken up. Everything that happened, happened in two years. In 1923 Diego Rivera came back from Europe, full of Picasso and Derain and the plaint of artists pampered and scantly fed by the after-the-war bourgeoisie. (In New York at that time we were trying to be modern and see the beauty

of the Woolworth Building and sighing for the first Independents and the days of the, oh, so lovely Siamese tables of Spumone degli Spaghetti.) He found an enormously rich and uncorrupted popular art in textiles and pottery and toys and in the decoration of ginmills, a lot of young painters fresh from the heartbreaking campaigns of civil war and eager to justify the ways of Marx to man, and José Vasconcelos as head of the department of education.

After Felipe Carrillo, the great leader of Yucatan, had made a speech to the liberated Mayas, outlining a Socialist commonwealth, someone went up to him and said the speech was worthy of Lenin. "Fine," he answered, "who's he?"

It wasn't a case of ideas, of a lot of propaganda-fed people deciding that a little revolutionary art would be a good thing, it was a case of organic necessity. The revolution, no more imported from Russia than the petate hats the soldiers wore, had to be explained to the people. The people couldn't read. So the only thing to do was to paint it up on the wall.

So some thirty painters started a union, affiliated themselves with the Third International, and set to work. Everyone was to get the same wage for painting, a cooperative studio was to be started; "its fundamental aesthetic aim was rooted in the socialization of art, tending towards the absolute disappearance of individualism, characteristic of bourgeois epochs, thus approaching the great collective art of antiquity." As a basis of study they took the remains of ancient Mexican painting and sculpture. Easel painting they rejected as intellectual, aristocratic and onanistic. But this isn't the first time that painters have issued a manifesto. The extraordinary thing about this group is that they set to work and delivered the goods.

Xavier Guerrero went down to Teotihuacan and studied the methods of the ancient Indian painters there. They made chemical analyses of the pigments and varnishes used and after much experimentation, began to paint. Diego Rivera's first big decorative work had been in encaustica, in which he had been experimenting in Paris. Vasconcelos, whose boast was that he would spend as

much on education as the war department spent on the army, was ready to give any competent painter wall space, a small wage, and materials. And so in an incredibly short time an enormous amount of work, not only in the capital, but in Jalapa and Guadalajara as well, was under way.

All this time there had been growing opposition. The students of the Preparatoria, sons of *haciendados* and oil-splattered politicians, objected to this new style of painting, and set about destroying the frescoes. The hammers and sickles over the doors made them uneasy. Intellectuals and newspaper writers, whose idea of painting was a chic girl drawn a la *Vie Parisienne* with sensually dark smudges under the eyes, kept up a continual hammering under which the Government began to weaken. Vasconcelos left the ministry of education. The Union broke up in personal squabbles, largely owing to the fact that to continue working under the Laborista government it became necessary to give up the Third International. Now Rivera, Orozco and Montenegro are the only three painters subsidized by the Federal government. The rest of them pick up a living as best they can in the provinces. Several of them are carrying on lively communist propaganda, through *El Machete*, which started as the Union's mouthpiece.

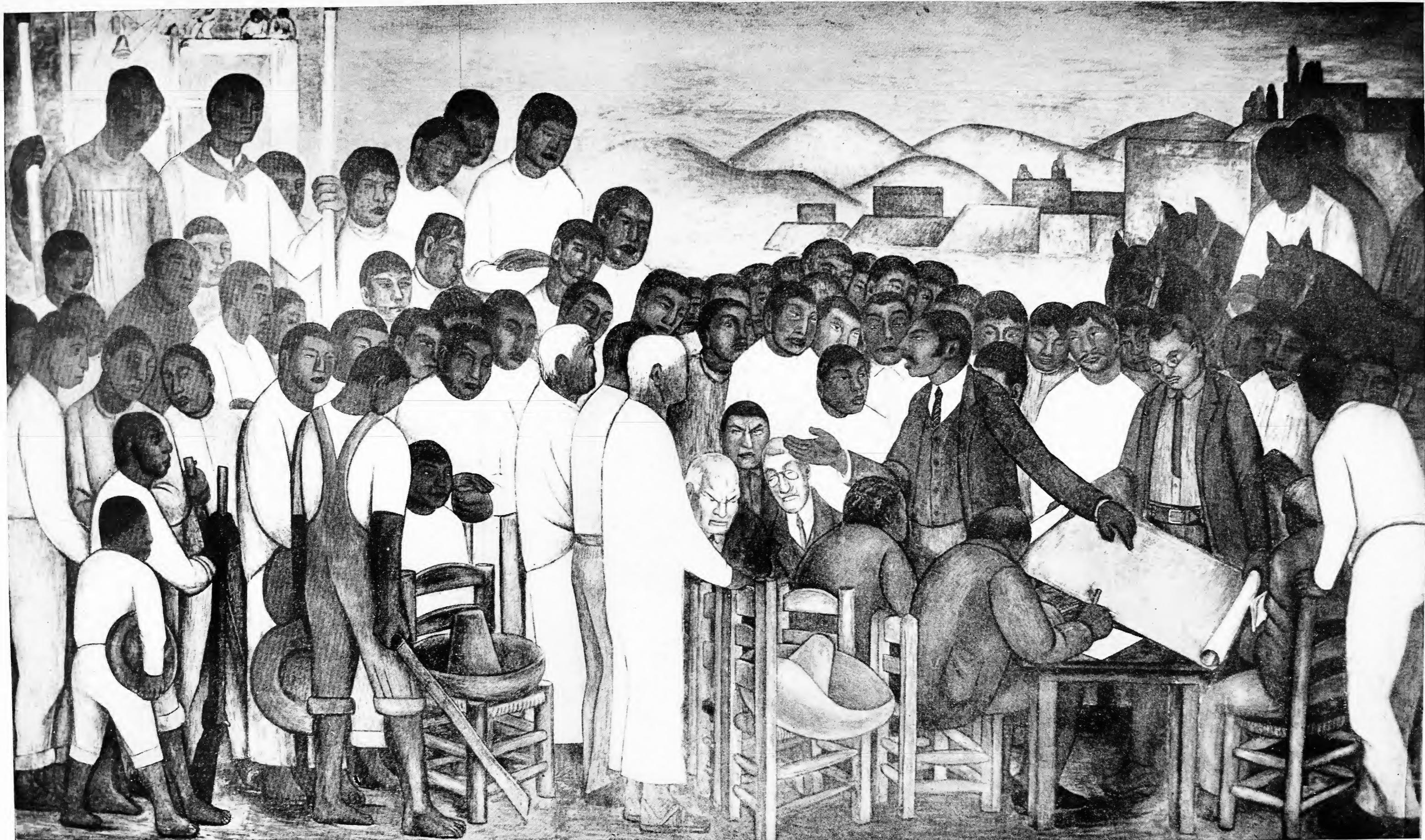
But, even if nothing more is done, an enormous amount of real work has been accomplished. Even if the paintings were rotten it would have been worth while to prove that in our day a popular graphic art was possible. Maybe it's not possible anywhere but in Mexico. As it is, Rivera's paintings in the Secretaria, Orozco's paintings in the Preparatoria, Montenegro's decorations are a challenge shouted in the face of the rest of the world. You're a painter? All right, let's see what you can do with a wall a hundred by sixteen with a lot of homely doors and windows in it.

All we have in New York to answer with are a few private sensations and experiments framed and exhibited here and there, a few watercolors like Marin's, and a lot of warmed-over truck, leavings of European fads.

If it isn't a revolution in Mexico, I'd like to know what it is.



Cartoons for Murals by Xavier Guerrero



Courtesy Jose Juan Tablada

Distribution of Land Among the Peons—From a Mural Decoration in the Agricultural School of Chapingo, Mexico—By Diego Rivera



Drawing by Art Young

"But do you think there is enough of the *abstract* in it?"
"Matter of taste, Madam; some likes a whole lot and others wants only a little bit."

GANGSTERISM RULES THE MINERS

By POWERS HAPGOOD

"NEVER since the days of John Mitchell has the administration of the United Mine Workers been so secure in respect to its control over the membership, but never has it been so weak in respect to its economic bargaining power." This was the remark of a prominent progressive who had been active for a generation in the miners' union as he entered the convention hall in Indianapolis where the United Mine Workers of America was holding its thirtieth convention.

The basis for this statement became evident very early in the convention. While Secretary-Treasurer Kennedy's report showed that there are less than 275,000 tax-paying members in the organization—a decline of 18,000 in the last six months and nearly 300,000 in the last five years—officialdom had an easier time forcing its policies over than ever before.

The officers' reports, which had very little of a contentious nature in them, were passed over quietly, but opposition developed in the second day of the convention on a resolution relating to the organization of the non-union fields. John Brophy, leader of the progressive forces and candidate against John L. Lewis in the recent election for international president, told of the failure of the union in the 1922 strike to include in the settlement the hundred thousand newly organized miners of Somerset and Fayette Counties in Pennsylvania and other non-union strongholds where the men responded to the national strike call. In the settlement of that strike the Consolidation Coal Company, a large Rockefeller interest, had been allowed to sign a contract with the union for its forty or more mines in West Virginia and at the same time to continue the fight against union recognition at its mines in Pennsylvania and Maryland where the miners, evicted from their homes and living in tent colonies, were still striking. Brophy pointed out how this policy caused first the defeat of the union in Somerset County and Maryland and later in West Virginia where Consolidation repudiated its contract with the United Mine Workers after it had its other mines running open shop. "I mention this not in the spirit of personal criticism," said Brophy, "but because I feel that if the union is ever to succeed in organizing the unorganized it must create confidence in the minds of the non-union men. It must force coal companies to sign either for all their mines or none, when the men are members of the United Mine Workers of America."



Drawing by Hugo Gellert

POISON!

This was the key-note of Brophy's opposition to the administration. His impersonal and tolerant remarks were met by bitter denunciation of his personality on the part of administration leaders and supporters. Vice President Murray, and later on in connection with the scale committee's report, President Lewis, attacked Brophy and "his slimy friends" in violent though vague terms. They said little to refute Brophy's statements of the correct policy for organizing the non-union fields and other questions on which he spoke, but diverted the discussion into personal channels. President Lewis, in the last hour of the convention, did attempt to refute Brophy's policy of forcing companies to sign for all their properties. He told of the impossibility of organizing the United States Steel Corporation's mines in Southern West Virginia because of the feudalism which reigns there and said it would be futile to strike the Steel Corporation's union mines in Western Pennsylvania, Indiana, and Illinois in an attempt to force organization in Gary, West Virginia. To this Brophy wanted to reply, but was not permitted to do so. He had not advocated, as Lewis implied, call-

ing strikes of the Steel Corporation's mines in unionized districts to force the men to join the union in West Virginia, but had stated that where the "men were members of the United Mine Workers," as was the case in Somerset County, companies should not be allowed to fight union recognition and at the same time operate union mines elsewhere.

The administration's idea of fair play was typified when William Stevenson, progressive candidate for vice-president on the Brophy slate, took the floor after Lewis had called Brophy's friends "slimy." "If I wanted to talk about 'slime,'" he said, "I could tell of what the administration is doing down in West Virginia, but it is better not to bring it into this convention." Then came cries of "tell it," "let's hear what you've got," from the administration forces, until Stevenson finally began to tell what he knew. As soon as he began to show how the administration had packed the convention with 167 delegates from District 31 in West Virginia where there are only 377 tax-paying members, he was ruled out of order and had to sit down.

Never was there such a steam roller. Progressive rank and file delegates like Pat Toohey from the anthracite region and Luke Coffey from Illinois had their credentials contested by officers of the organization and were denied seats. When Luke Coffey's local union heard the convention had unseated him and given the seat to his contestant, it sent a telegram recalling the other delegate from the convention, saying in the last paragraph of the telegram, "We deem it advisable not to have any representative in your body when a district official, a member of our local union, has more power than five hundred dues-paying members."

Others like Alexander Howat and the writer, who had been duly elected as delegates from their local unions, were not even reported on by the credential committee because President Lewis declared they were "not members of the United Mine Workers of America." Howat, after serving as president of the Kansas miners for twenty years was expelled by Lewis from the union while he was serving a jail sentence for fighting the Kansas Industrial Court Law which took away from the workers the right to strike. When Howat came out of jail and appealed for reinstatement in the union, he was told by the international officials to go back to work in the mines and join over again. Refusing a ten thousand dollar a year job as superintendent of mines from a Kansas coal operator, he went back to work digging coal on his knees in a two and a half foot seam. For nearly three years he has been working there, has joined the union as a new member and paid dues all that time. He was elected by three local unions in Kansas to represent them at the convention, but his name appeared neither on the list of delegates nor on that of those contested in the credential committee's report. When Delegate Hindmarsh from Illinois asked from the floor why Howat's name was not reported on by the credential committee, Lewis replied that he was not a member of the union. Hindmarsh tried to read a letter from William Green, written in 1924 when he was secretary of the United Mine Workers, to the effect that the Kansas leader was again a member in good standing, but he was ruled out of order. Howat attempted an appeal to the delegates from the rear of the hall, but was quickly seated by the sergeants-at-arms.

Gangsterism reigned supreme, both in and out of the convention hall. I,

HUGO
GELLERT



POISON!

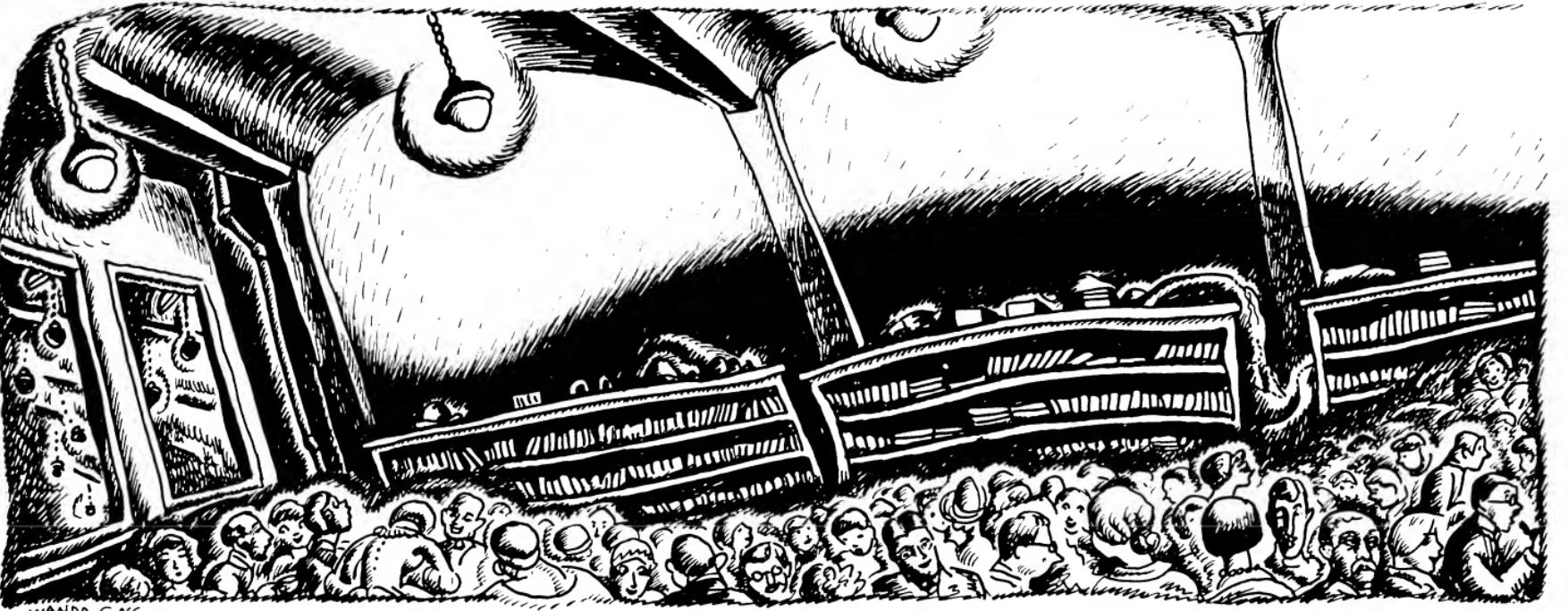
Drawing by Hugo Gellert

HUGO
GELLERT

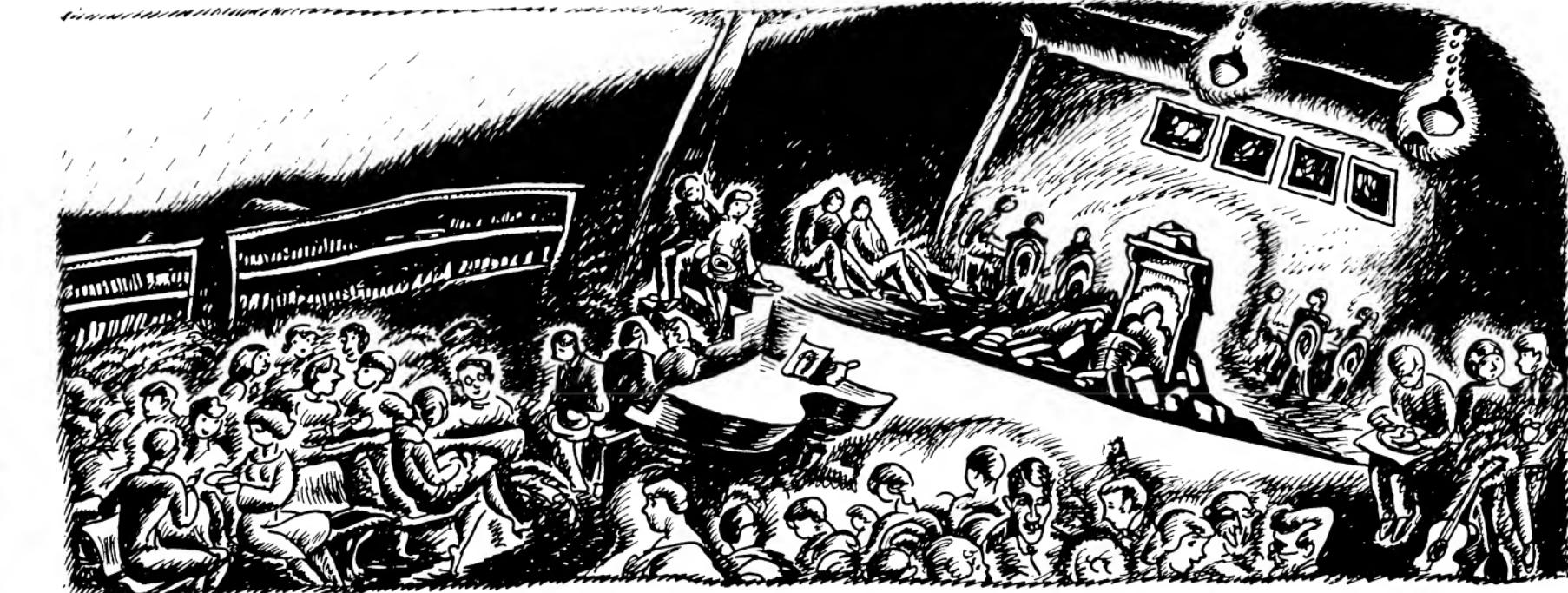


Drawing by Hugo Gellert

POISON!

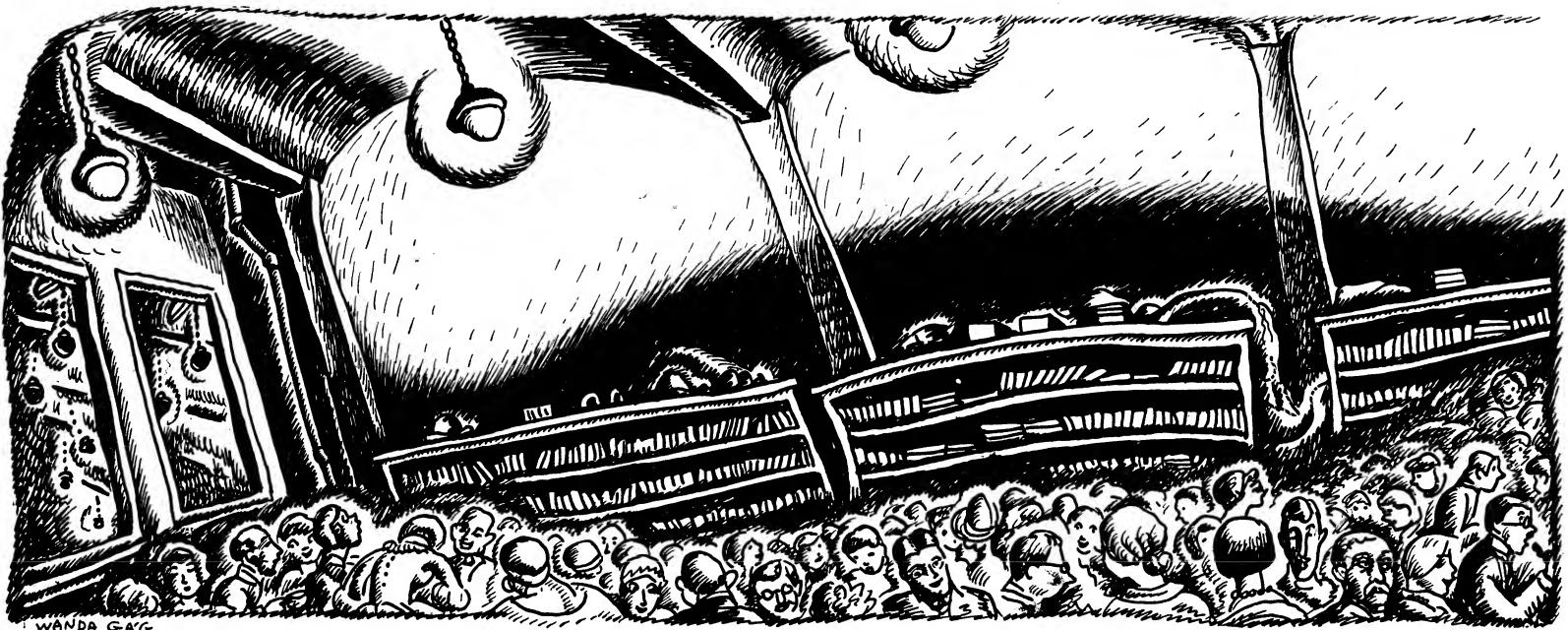


Panorama of the New Masses "House-Cooling" Party*—Chicken Chow Mein—



Sight Unseen Auction—Mexican Revolutionary Songs—Negro Spirituals—Blues

Drawing by Wanda Gág



Panorama of the New Masses "House-Cooling" Party*—Chicken Chow Mein—

myself, though working in a mine in Pennsylvania and a duly elected delegate from my local union, was not reported on by the credential committee because I had been declared a non-member of the union just a week previous by the Executive Board of District Two, overwhelmingly an administration controlled body. International organizers, sent to find some means of disqualifying me, eventually noticed on the books of a local union to which I had belonged in 1921 that the recording secretary had forgotten to enter on his minutes that I had entered that local union on a transfer card from Montana. Even though the books showed I had paid dues from that day to this, I was declared a non-member. When I insisted on appealing my right to a seat to the convention, I was thrown off the floor amid a wild scene of confusion.

Three days before, when I first arrived in town, I had been invited to a room in a cheap hotel hired for the purpose by three administration officials who had used the name of a friend of mine over the telephone inviting me to the room. When I got inside, the three officials, one of whom had a loaded automatic, attempted to beat me up so that I would have to go to the hospital instead of the convention. They were a little drunk, however, and they bungled their game. After a twenty-minute fight, finally broken up by police who entered the room, their intended victim escaped with only a few cuts and bruises.

Delegate Mike Demchak, from the anthracite region, who spoke against the raising of officers' salaries, was

accused by a prominent anthracite official of having been a scab in Tennessee. When he attempted to reply on a question of personal privilege, to show how the president of the Tennessee district had asked him to work in a non-union mine for the purpose of organizing it, he was pushed violently down into his seat by a sergeant-at-arms and slugged twice in the back of the head. Replying to a quiet, elderly Slav who, in anything but an aggressive way, was rising to a point of order. President Lewis said, "Sit down, or I'll give you a point of order."

In spite of the reign of terror and absence of parliamentary law, the little band of progressives fought bravely, speaking in favor of a Labor Party, against the lack of free speech and the flabbiness of the United Mine Workers Journal. Some of them fought against the constitutional amendment to expel communists from the organization, which can be interpreted to apply to sympathizers

or those having any connections whatsoever with them. On the question of officers' salaries, raising John L. Lewis from eight to twelve thousand a year, the opposition grew intense. On the constitutional amendment giving the officers unlimited power to levy assessments the opposition grew so strong that for a time it looked as if the administration would lose. The chairman declared the motion carried on an aye and nay vote, then on a show of hands, until finally the opposition demanded a roll call. A vote of one third of the 1491 delegates was necessary to have a roll call vote, and, with the loose method of counting by the twenty-five or more sergeants-at-arms, it was announced that four hundred forty-four delegates had stood in favor of a roll call—just three short of the number required. A veritable storm of protest at this obviously unfair count went up, but the chair was obdurate and nothing further could be done. Had the roll call carried, the administra-

tion would have been defeated on the motion, for the delegates who voted for a roll call were rank and filers for the most part representing locals with large membership entitling them to as many as five votes apiece, while the nearly four hundred officials and delegates they brought with them from "blue-sky" locals had a smaller number of votes according to the membership they represented.

The convention accomplished little. It repudiated the labor party idea, endorsing by resolution the non-partisan principle of "defeating our enemies and supporting our friends." Out of deference to the employers the preamble of the constitution, which for years had demanded the "full social value of their product" for the mine workers was amended to demand now only an "equitable share." It condemned Soviet Russia—the only working class government in the world—while at the same time it said nothing about the Fascist government in Italy and other dictatorships in favor of the rich.

The outstanding features of the convention were the increase of officers' salary, the grant to them of unlimited power to levy assessments, and the unseating and slugging of progressives. It is an interesting sidelight that out of ninety-odd resolutions favoring an increase of pay for the officers, over forty came from the two districts of West Virginia where there are only four hundred and thirty-five dues paying members.

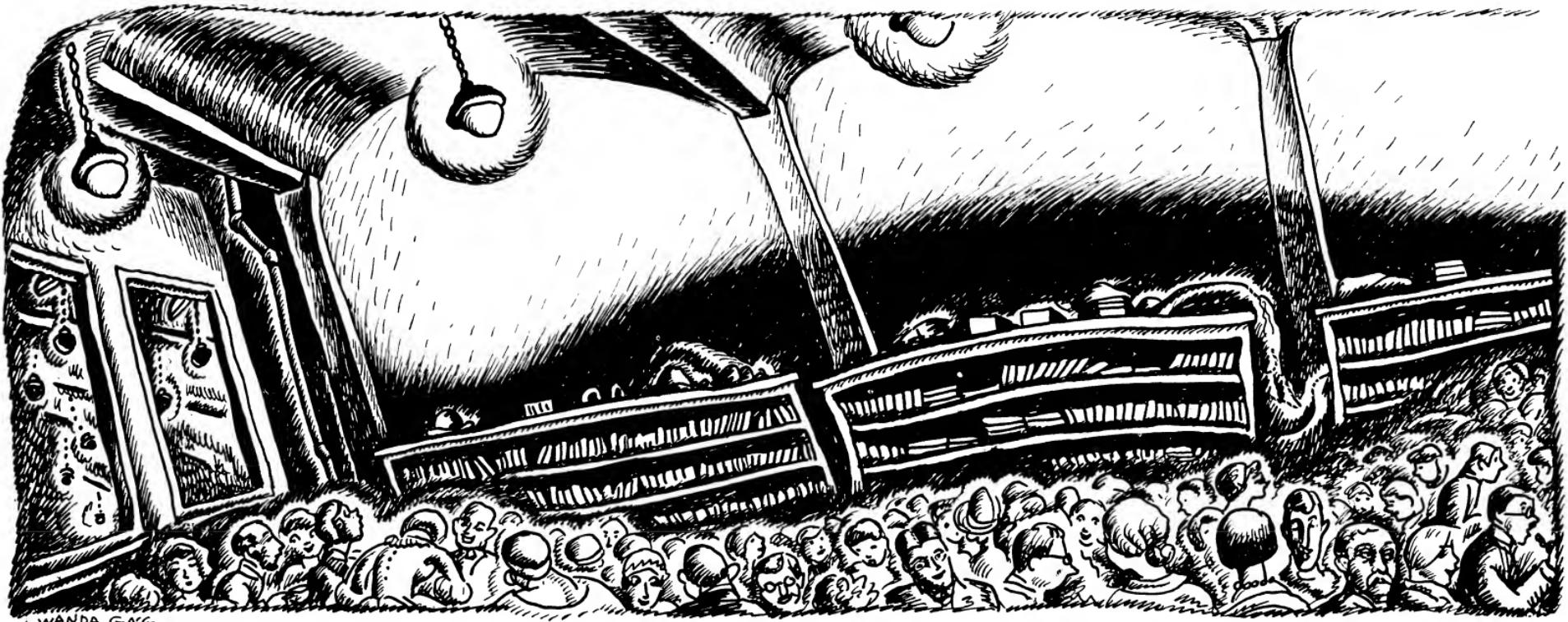
Meanwhile the wage agreement is nearing its expiration. As usual in the labor movement, no matter how bitter the factional quarrels, internal dissensions will be subordinated in the event of a strike, and a united front can be expected from the miners.

EMPIRE

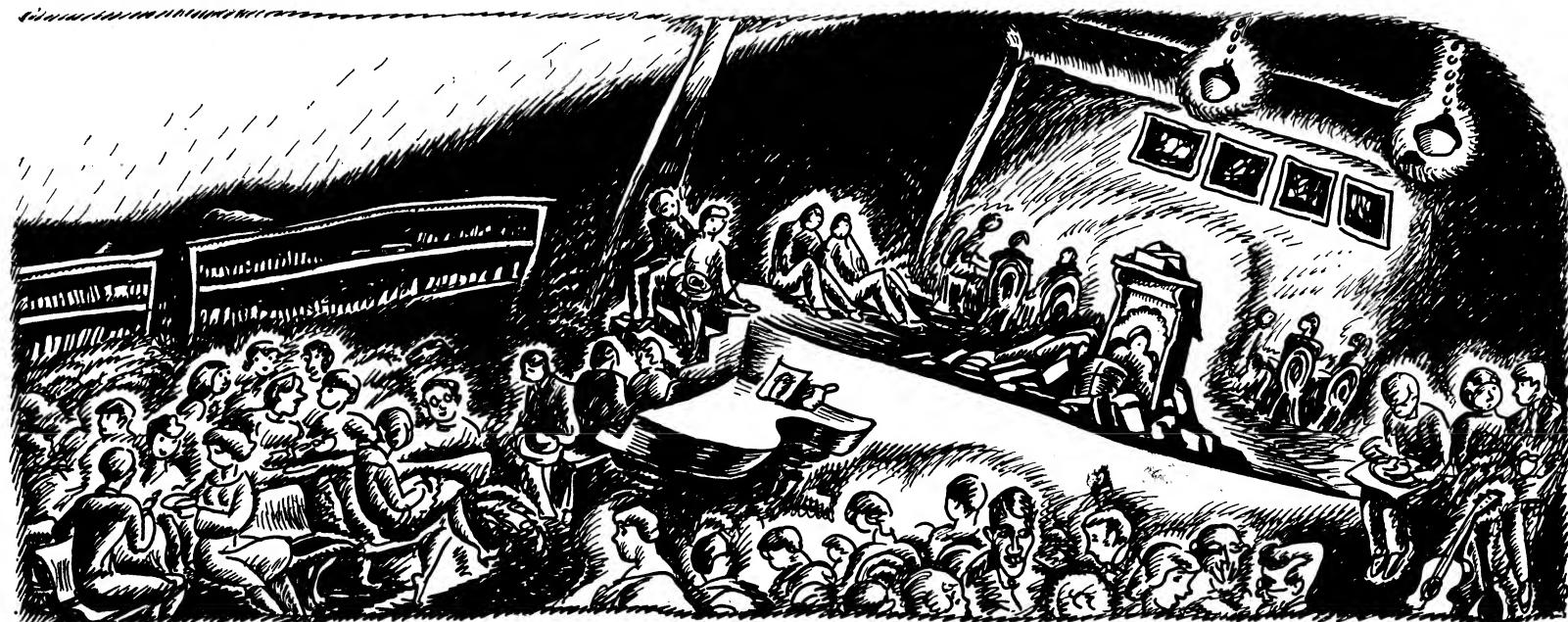
As soon as we need oil
in Mexico
There'll be plenty of lads
glad to go
And wrest all the oil from
the Mexican
And lay down their brave lives
again.
And as one soil's as good
as another
Wherever the Star Spangled
waves
It'll save us a great deal of bother
If we give our lads Mexican
graves.

Alfred Kreyemborg

* NEW MASSES readers have only to write us: "Put my name on your Entertainments List!" to secure invitations to all NEW MASSES parties, dinners, debates, lectures, etc.



Panorama of the New Masses "House-Cooling" Party*—Chicken Chow Mein—



Drawing by Wanda Gág

Sight Unseen Auction—Mexican Revolutionary Songs—Negro Spirituals—Blues

WORKSHOP ORCHESTRATION

By EZRA POUND

LAYING aside all questions of technique, new "theory" etc., there is the reason why the MASSES, new or old, should take note of Antheil. I mean that he has taken, or at any rate has found a means that can take, music out of the concert hall.

The savage has his tribal ceremonies, primitive people have their sea chanteys and labor songs. Modern man can live, and should live, and has a perfectly good right to live in his cities and in his machine shops with the same kind of swing and exuberance that the savage is supposed to have in his forest. The tenement is no more uncomfortable than the cave, and no more verminous. Neither is there any reason why the city intuition should be any deader than that of the savage.

As for the machine shop, the boiler works, Antheil has opened the way with his *Ballet Mechanique*; for the first time we have a music, or the germ and start of a music that can be applied to sound regardless of its loudness. The aesthete goes to a factory, if he ever does go, and hears noise, and goes away horrified; the musician, the composer hears noise, but he tries to (?) "see" (no, no), he tries to hear what kind of noise it is.

"Music" as taught in the academies deals with the organization of smallish bits of sound, of sounds having certain variations inside the second, organized into forms, or bits of form having differences inside a minute or ten minutes, or, in the "great forms," half an hour.

But with the grasp of the longer

durations we see the chance of time-spacing the clatter, the grind, the whang-whang, the gnnrrr, in a machine shop, so that the eight-hour day shall have its rhythm; so that the men at the machines shall be demechanized, and work not like robots, but like the members of an orchestra. And the work will benefit, yes, the overlords need not worry; a half minute's silence here and there, the long pause of the lunch hour dividing the two great halves of the music; this will not diminish the output or pegiorate the quality of the product.

Say there are forty small stamping presses in a room, let them start not one at a time, raggedly, but *kk!* on the snap of the baton; and *stop*, and then the periods of sound

grow gradually longer, and the rests ever so slightly longer in proportion, but so graduated that the difference of ten seconds in the rest is a sensible, appreciable division.

Needless to say each shop, each sort of work will have its own compositions; and they will be made by the men in the shops, because no outside orchestral player will know the sound of the shop as well as the people in it, or know what sounds lie in the nature and needs of the work.

The actual measurement of sounds, the mathematics of a new theory does not present any great difficulty, I mean it would not if one were dealing with mere theory; it is easy enough to find out how many times an asphalt drill hits the pavement per minute, and to work out its octaves and fifths, etc.* But one

* i.e., octaves lower, for what we will come to call the "great base," vide my book on Antheil.

THE MOCKER

The cowboy comes to town—
Scornful.

He wears his orange wool chaps

And scarlet handkerchief,

And embroidered boots;

Under him is his beautiful silver-mounted saddle.

He meets his friends down by the track

In a huddle of old buildings

That were there before the railroad.

But sometimes he rides his pony out on Spencer Avenue.

He digs his spurs in the pony's side

And the pony bucks,

And the cowboy whoops most insolent and contemptuous

Outside the fine brick residence of the President of the First State Bank.

Almost the cowboy would urge his pony over the brick coping among the shrubbery and perennials

But that sacrilege is forbidden . . .

Even to cowboys.

Gwendolyn Haste.

is not thinking into a vacuum; the abstract mathematics might give a good scaffolding, or it might not. It probably would; but one is dealing with the effect of these sounds on human beings; and here as in other musical invention, the work must be done by the man who can hear, who can hear the time in his head. It is work for the musician on the floor of the factory. And the ultimate sound of this percussive music will be vastly better than the sobbing of tubas.

I have said that the germ is in the *Ballet Mechanique*; perhaps I should have said it is in Antheil's *First Violin Sonata*, but I doubt if anyone would have found it there. The sonata has still a relation to older music; but after hearing the *Ballet* one can recognize the roots in the *Sonata*.

As a simple and practical tip I suggest that people who want to get at what I mean (that is, to hear what I mean) as a further step from merely assenting to a general idea, should listen to the *Ballet* with simply the Pleyela and the "reduced sonority," that is, wood and metal buzzers, and the electric amplifier for the third movement. It may be nicer music with the attendant xylophones and pianos, but after all it was written originally for 20 Pleyelas, and until the perfect synchronization of 20 Pleyelas is obtainable, the main idea, the division of the great time-spaces, shows up more clearly from the bare, austere, rigid outline.

As for the rest: there is no use waiting for millennia; primitive man cries out to god; the proletarius cries out to Social Justice. In the meantime there are certain things that can be done, made, constructed, without waiting for a millennium.

MARCH, 1927

21



Drawing by Wanda Gag

Sight Unseen Auction—Mexican Revolutionary Songs—Negro Spirituals—Blues

SOME GIFTS OF THE MACHINE AGE*

By FLOYD DELL

Two poets I know are always arguing with each other. One of them thinks a poet ought to write about steam and steel and speed, cranes and triphammers, foundries and forges. The other one says: "How the hell can a poet be interested in machinery and noise? What he wants is a little quiet and leisure. A poet would prefer to have lived in any age but this damned Machine Age."

They both seem to me to be wrong. For they both think that the Machine Age is a lot of machines. If it were merely that, it wouldn't be any more interesting than Coney Island. The real point is that machinery has introduced a vast and continuing change into our human relationships. It has broken down the patriarchal family.

Now for a good many thousands of years the patriarchal family has been the social-economic unit. Most of our morality has taken its rise out of that social-economic institution. This morality consisted first in the duty of obedience owed by the young to the old, and second in the duty of obedience owed by women to men. But with the invention of steam, and the growth of the factory system, there came a change. The patriarchal home ceased to be an economic unit; its walls were broken down, and its inmates—first the young men, and then the women—were drawn into the world of work as individuals. Paternal authority, as exerted over young people who were or could be self-supporting, depended now only upon superstition, and has in the course of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries largely ceased to exist. At the same time woman, in being progressively released from the authority of the home, has acquired a new status, as an individual, and the old patriarchal-family concepts of purity, charity, etc., are going by the board.

Such had already become the state of affairs in the Western world in the latter part of the nineteenth century. This state of affairs was on the one hand deplored as red ruin and the breaking up of homes, and on the other hand applauded as the beginning of Freedom. From either point of view, it was described as Individualism.

But all along there has been a growing criticism of the theory of Individualism. In the first place, it

was plain enough that an individual was economically too weak to buck up against the world; he needed some group protection, in place of the old patriarchal family. In one field, this protection was sought in labor unions and in the theory of a class struggle which should eventually unite all workers. In another field, the individualistic family (one man and his wife and their ungrown children) was revealed to be economically weak in comparison with the old patriarchal system; but this calls for a paragraph by itself.

In the old patriarchal system, matches were made by the parents, marriages took place at an early age, dowries were provided to help the young people along, they fitted into their niche in the patriarchal family, divorces were rare or impossible, and

romantic love existed only as adultery. In the new individualistic marriage, people marry for love, against the advice of their parents. There are no dowries, and they get along as best they can, which is not any too well, and divorces are frequent. Whereas the older fiction had shown up the evils of coercing young people into "sensible" marriages without love, the newer fiction shows up the folly of trusting to the "illusion" of romantic love. . . . But that is not the end. The economic weakness of this individualistic marriage begins to reveal itself in the postponement of marriages by men until they have established themselves. This inevitably means a change in courtship, which is now increasingly conducted by the girls; an increasing acceptance by girls in urban centers of a new

kind of marriage, in which they keep on working after marriage, temporarily or permanently; and finally an increasing growth in large cities of a similar arrangement conducted outside the legal bonds of matrimony. It is predicted by such observers of the younger generation as Judge Ben Lindsey, that this extra-legal mating custom will become legalized, as a free marriage with free divorce so long as there are no children. In any event, the economic weakness of the new marriage is now destroying the old patriarchal concept of the importance of virginity in young women; and with their giving up of their old-fashioned care for "purity," commercialized prostitution tends to become obsolescent. These, then, are among the gifts of the Machine Age.



**The Myth of the Individual*, by Charles W. Wood. John Day.

\$2.00.

Drawing by Adolph Dehn

At the Royal Academy: "Oh look, it's a picture of the Prince, isn't he just too lovely?"



Drawing by Adolph Dehn

At the Royal Academy: "Oh look, it's a picture of the Prince, isn't he just too lovely?"



Drawing by Adolph Dehn

At the Royal Academy: "Oh look, it's a picture of the Prince, isn't he just too lovely?"

But to return to the theory of Individualism. It has been, in the second place, observed that people do not *like* to exist as individuals. They seem to be happiest when they can merge their individualities in some larger social group—as in marriage or as in war, despite the inconveniences of both conditions. And finally, the researches of the biologists into the question of individuality have shattered some of our older notions about what constitutes an individual. . . . A certain sort of sponge described by Julian Huxley is composed of a multitude of cells adhering to each other in a certain characteristic shape; when the sponge is squeezed through a cloth, the cells are separated from each other, and continue to live; but they join themselves together again, though this time into a new pattern; now are these cells individual animals, or is the whole collection of them the individual animal? Individuality in biology comes to take on more and more the air of a paradox, and one is enabled to view with some scientific sympathy the assertions of mystics the world over who have from time to time insisted that "we are all parts of one another," that mankind is One and not Many.

If mankind is properly to be considered in any sense an organism, then it must be so by virtue of the nature of human knowledge, which is social. A kitten knows what to do with a mouse when he smells one; he tosses it in the air and growls over it without being taught. But human beings have a very meagre instinctive apparatus, so far as concerns their relations to the outside world; babies know how to suckle their mother's breasts, but almost everything else in human life has to be learned. In that sense at least, in the realm of knowledge, the human race is interdependent—in time, however, rather than in space. When one tries to think out the idea of humanity as a fourth dimensional time-organism, the concept becomes vague at the edges and approximates to poetry or mysticism.

Yet the Machine Age is one in which the concept of Man (replacing that of Men) becomes increasingly important, inasmuch as the machine is engaged in breaking down smaller social groups and creating apparently a new human synthesis. The social character of modern industry has made the old notions of individual ownership, for instance, not only offensive to our sense of justice but hampering to the workability of the machine processes themselves. In the engineering world those who conduct an industry are more and more regarded as belonging to it, rather than it as belonging to them. "Service," that shibboleth of business, has some validity in industry. And, as Charley

OIL FOR ONE—ONE FOR OIL

By HOWARD BRUBAKER

The Spokesman for the Wood House met the newspaper men and made a statement about our foreign policy, if any. It was time, he said that the situation was made clear. He spoke in part as follows:

"We have only a friendly interest in Nicaragua, but there is a principle at stake. We must safeguard our principle and collect our interest. That is the famous Callog Doctrine.

"We have got to show them how to have elections. They must learn that elections are conducted not with guns but with check books. That's the only way to get civilized. If they don't hurry and get civilized, we'll make it hot for them.

"No; that's wrong. It's too hot down there already. They've got to cool off if they want our business men to come down there and give 'em a sock in the jaw. Keep cool with Coollog. Cool and peaceful.

"America is all for peace. We won't fight unless we've got our back to the wall—we mean Wall Street. We're going to bring peace to Central America if we've got to shake everything. Make the world shake for democracy, that's us. That will be done by our great Secretary of Shake, Nervous Nellogg. He's the shakiest thing we've had since the San Francisco earthquake.

"All this will help us settle the Tacna-Arica problem. We are doing fine with Tacna-Arica. A year or so ago nobody knew whether it was a disease or a tooth paste and now we've got the whole world laughing at us. Our Laughin' American policy, if you know what I mean.

"We believe firmly in arbitration only not with Mexico. According to the Kellidge Doctrine we cannot arbitrate questions involving national honor or oil.

"You've got to choose between Cal and Calles. There's a suspicious character for you—I mean Calles. You can't trust that man. Who was that lady I seen him with last week? That was no lady; that was the minister from Russia.

"Calles is trying to turn everything Red. Nervous Nellogg got that straight from a man whose wife's uncle is a Catholic and lives in Duluth. If Central America goes Red, what would happen to the Nicaragua Canal? There wouldn't be any Nicaragua Canal. If fact, there isn't any, anyhow.

"And what would happen to all our oil? Oil for one and one for oil. That's our Pan American policy? That's what makes everybody pan America.

"We've got to do something about China, too. It's all very well for Chinamen to kill each other but now they've begun to cut up foreigners. Doing their Christian chopping, what I mean. We must help them to get stable government, or garage government or something. What do they think they are, a Democratic convention?

"Self-government. That's the word I've been trying to remember. I'm for self-government for Mexico, for Nicaragua, for the Philippines and for China. They'll take self-government or take the consequences. You can tell the world that all I care about is self-government. If the world won't believe it, I'll tell it to the marines."

Wood points out, people are hostile to John D. Rockefeller, who thinks he "owns" his oil wells, and gives away "his" money very generously on that assumption, while at the same

time they remain incurably friendly to Henry Ford, who acts as if the motor industry owned him, and hardly ever gives anything away. It is apparent from this point of view that there is nothing individualistic in modern industry itself; while individualistic "business" methods are so hopelessly in conflict with the demands of industry that these will of themselves (in this view) revolutionize our individualistic system of "ownership."

It may be so; I doubt it myself, and fall back on the old-fashioned nineteenth-century theory of the class struggle, as a means of revolutionizing our system of ownership. Yet from the Russian experience it is clear that even after the conquest of political power by revolutionary workers there must be compromise with individual ownership until the

machine system is sufficiently developed to make communism possible. A successful class struggle cannot by itself create communism; it must await the growth of the machine process. Can the machine process by itself, in America, create communism? Comrade Wood seems to think so. At any rate, the high development of the machine process in America raises that very interesting question.

Such a view comes very near to being a religion; for the achievement of our highest human hopes is held to be implicit in the very Nature of Things. But that comforting tendency to identify our own hopes with the processes of the universe is implicit in most revolutionary theory, including Karl Marx's. We can scarcely dismiss it as Utopian. For "so's your old man!"

As for me, I am glad to have the Machine Age written about, as it is in Comrade Wood's brilliant book, in its really significant aspects, not as mere Steam and Steel and Hurry and Noise, but as a matter of changing human relationships. It is, in fact, these that I want poets and novelists to write about, and artists to paint and draw. It is these that I should like the NEW MASSES to celebrate, comment upon, and interpret. This is a very interesting world that we are living in. It is a changing world. It is on its way to something new. At every moment the poet and the artist and the story-teller can discriminate in the life about them some act which marks the flaming edge of that transition between what was and what is to be. . . .

TWO POEMS

I

Oh to be hurt as others are hurt—For a closer bond with them! Oh to fear as others fear—For a closer bond with them! Oh to hunger as others hunger, To mourn as others mourn, To weep as others weep, To be as lonely as man can be; Thus to stand by each—

Tho each thinks that he stands alone.

II

A separate, single mortal, I—Who fights with years of loneliness—With long, long hours of doubt, Questioning reality And proofs of reality.

Not sure what is real, what fiction, Not sure but that in the end The worst may triumph over the best,—That hope may be nothing but a dream.

Only I live by a fool's guess, The guess that the best will win.

Charles Garland



SHOT-GUN TITLES

Mexican land-owners had nothing to worry about except cactus thorns and rattlesnakes

A HACK WRITER MIGHT—

RALPH BLAH—CK, who spells his name Block, contributes a piece to the January *Dial*, on what (if any) is wrong with the movies. Mr. Block is Supervising Editor of Famous Players—he wrote a poem once, and in the proper circles makes pretensions to being a high-brow. The piece is carefully caparisoned in hendecasyllables, in order to break into the *Dial* with such a plebeian subject as the movies, but boiled down, it means just about the same as most of the other articles on the films. Mr. Block laments the absence of a great creative spirit in the movies.

This is Bla, and Mr. Block of all people knows it. It is like accounting for the badness of Congressional speeches by lamenting the absence of a great creative spirit in Congress. Lawrence Stallings is not a great creative spirit, but he wrote a respectable novel—he even collaborated on a very good play—and look what a mess of sentimental balderdash the movies have made of his scenario. The capacity for writing, or even for directing, a good movie, is in origin not very different from that required for a good novel. A thorough mastery of the medium is, of course, required. And a visual imagination is required. But there are only two kinds of imagination, visual, and oral—and there are artists who are specialized for each. Joyce could direct a magnificent movie, if there were anybody to employ him.

What is wrong with the movies is what is wrong with any other form of mass art—what is wrong with a pageant, or with the Philadelphia Sesqui-Centennial Exposition. The movies under any form of society, capitalism, Communism, can only be patriotic, can only express the aspirations of great masses of people. They require too large an investment to be rebellious, individual, antagonistic, as a poem can be, or a book, or even a

Robert Wolf

PROSPEROUS PROFITEERS

AMERICAN business men are singing a prosperity song.

"Our domestic situation is in good shape and we can look for an other satisfactory year."

(Mellon)

"At no time in history have the people of an entire nation enjoyed the prosperity prevailing in the United States today. We have conquered poverty, we have abolished illiteracy."

(Schwab)

"We are rich in resources including cash balances in the banks."

(Gary)



Until one day a Stranger came

The verses vary—the tune is the same.

Of course not all business men were prosperous last year. For one thing there were 21,733 business failures.

Then profits varied.

Recent Internal Revenue reports indicate that 1,200 out of some 400,000 corporations made more profit than all the other 398,000 combined. One select group of corporations, 168 in number, showed profits of more than \$13,500,000 each in the last fiscal year.

There are big profiteers and little profiteers, and of course, it is the big ones who are making the bulk of the profits.

I dislike to end up every discussion of art by saying: Let there be the Revolution—it is too easy. There is plenty of opportunity for the creation of good art here and now. But not in the movies—not in America.

The creative impulse has about as much opportunity there as it has in a Fourth of July speech. What the movies need is not creative spirits. Let there be the Revolution, let people be stirred by some great social passion, and some Shakespeare—some hack writer—can create the irony and the pathos of it for the screen.

Scott Nearing

Another item.

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DEAR GELLERT:

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First place: Why the HELL should Brancusi, a roumanian peasant by birth, take sides in a war between German empire and two capitalist arms firms?

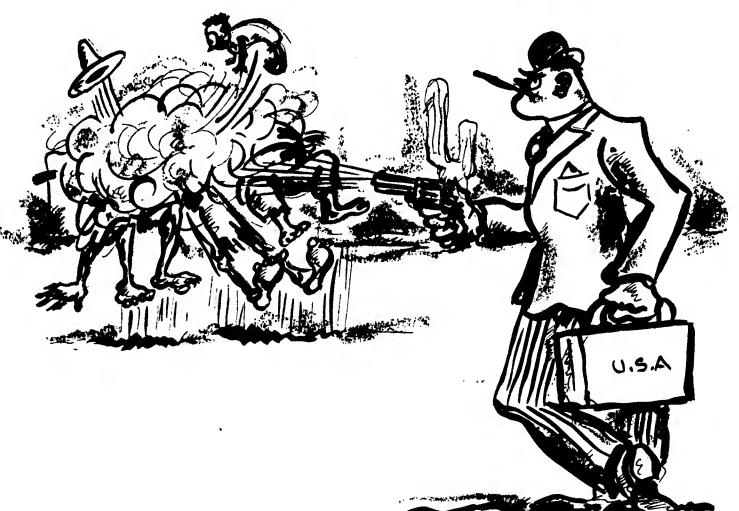
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Brancusi is trying to save the world by pure form. You may disapprove of messiahs; but you shouldn't mistake 'em for aesthetes.

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A Czecho-slovak who had spent a good deal of time in jail for political, anti-Austrian activity, once said to me: Yes, we wanted freedom; now we have it we find it wd. be a good thing if we (the C-S) also had a little money.

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SHOT-GUN TITLES

Mexican land-owners had nothing to worry about except cactus thorns and rattlesnakes

A HACK WRITER MIGHT—

RALPH BLAH—CK, who spells his name Block, contributes a piece to the January *Dial*, on what (if any) is wrong with the movies. Mr. Block is Supervising Editor of Famous Players—he wrote a poem once, and in the proper circles makes pretensions to being a high-brow. The piece is carefully caparisoned in hendecasyllables, in order to break into the *Dial* with such a plebeian subject as the movies, but boiled down, it means just about the same as most of the other articles on the films. Mr. Block laments the absence of a great creative spirit in the movies.

This is Bla, and Mr. Block of all people knows it. It is like accounting for the badness of Congressional speeches by lamenting the absence of a great creative spirit in Congress. Lawrence Stallings is not a great creative spirit, but he wrote a respectable novel—he even collaborated on a very good play—and look what a mess of sentimental balderdash the movies have made of his scenario. The capacity for writing, or even for directing, a good movie, is in origin not very different from that required for a good novel. A thorough mastery of the medium is, of course, required. And a visual imagination is required. But there are only two kinds of imagination, visual, and oral—and there are artists who are specialized for each. Joyce could direct a magnificent movie, if there were anybody to employ him.

What is wrong with the movies is what is wrong with any other form of mass art—what is wrong with a pageant, or with the Philadelphia Sesqui-Centennial Exposition. The movies under any form of society, capitalism, Communism, can only be patriotic, can only express the aspirations of great masses of people. They require too large an investment to be rebellious, individual, antagonistic, as a poem can be, or a book, or even a

magazine. More than any other form of art, the movies will always be the creature of the governing class.

Where the ruling class has something to say—it makes no difference whether it is true or not, but only whether it believes it—good mass art can be produced. As the Passion Players of Oberammergau are said to have done before the war. Nothing could have been more ridiculous than the fairy tale they were enacting—but they did not think so, and so they were able to put it across. Potemkin is not a technical explosion, as Mr. Block calls it—in spite of faulty construction and some picture postcard technique, the reason it swept through the studios and critical columns of the world like a clap of wind was the sincerity of its conception. But nobody can believe in the American movie—not Mr. Block, or he would not *conspue* it with his shabby gentility in the *Dial*, not Hollywood, that drinks and riots to keep off the obvious falseness of what it is doing, not the public, that takes its films as it would like to take to dope. The American movie has to express the ideals of capitalism, and nobody believes in the ideals of capitalism any more. So it is a fraud from first to last.

I dislike to end up every discussion of art by saying: Let there be the Revolution—it is too easy. There is plenty of opportunity for the creation of good art here and now. But not in the movies—not in America. The creative impulse has about as much opportunity there as it has in a Fourth of July speech. What the movies need is not creative spirits. Let there be the Revolution, let people be stirred by some great social passion, and some Shakespeare—some hack writer—can create the irony and the pathos of it for the screen.

Robert Wolf

PROSPEROUS PROFITEERS

AMERICAN business men are singing a prosperity song.

"Our domestic situation is in good shape and we can look for an other satisfactory year."

(Mellon)

"At no time in history have the people of an entire nation enjoyed the prosperity prevailing in the United States today. We have conquered poverty, we have abolished illiteracy."

(Schwab)

"We are rich in resources including cash balances in the banks."

(Gary)

Another item.

Six per cent of the people of the world live in the United States; 94 per cent live outside. The United States is "the rest of the world" to the 94 per cent. This one little nation, containing less than one-sixteenth of the world's population, has not only become the richest nation in the world, but because of its wealth has become the money-lender of the world. United States profiteers do not exploit alone in North America; Europe owes them billions; Asia and Australia are in their debt.



Until one day a Stranger came

The verses vary—the tune is the same.

Of course not all business men were prosperous last year. For one thing there were 21,733 business failures. Then profits varied. Recent Internal Revenue reports indicate that 1,200 out of some 400,000 corporations made more profit than all the other 398,000 combined. One select group of corporations, 168 in number, showed profits of more than \$13,500,000 each in the last fiscal year.

There are big profiteers and little profiteers, and of course, it is the big ones who are making the bulk of the profits.

But how about the masses of the American people? They have mortgaged their shirts to buy superfluities on the instalment plan; they are going from job to job looking for a chance to make a subsistence wage; they are accepting company unions as their last desperate resource in their fight with the bosses; they have raised cotton, corn, and fruit which they are selling for less than the cost of production; they are the mute and inarticulate witnesses of the greatest orgy of profiteering that modern history records; they are the producers who pay.

From the 94 per cent of the world to the exploiters among the 6 per cent flows a vast stream of tribute.

"We are prosperous," proclaim Mellon, Schwab, and Gary.

Yes, you are. But how about the tens of millions of producers in the United States upon whose exploited labor your profiteering rests? And how about the hundreds of millions of exploited farmers and other workers throughout the world from whose surplus products you draw your tribute?

"I am rich," said the rich man.

"True," answered the poor man, "but the art of being rich includes the art of keeping your neighbor poor."

Profiteers are always prosperous except when they are being robbed by the military depredations of their more militant rivals. But even in a "prosperous" country like the United States, the profiteers constitute a tiny minority and the exploited masses the great majority, while in the world at large the low-standard hundred millions of Europe and Asia wonder how long it will be before they will have the courage to stop paying and force an accounting.

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Do you heave rocks at every electric light bulb, just because Edison don't paste a Bolshevik label on each one?

Or, as above, the electric light bulb is not an end in itself, although it was the end of a set of researches. Neither is the work of art an "end" in itself, though it is the end of its maker's job. It has no political opinion.

Ezra Pound

DEAR POUND:

1. Forgive me. I did take it for granted that Roumanian peasants were humans and that it would disturb them to have other humans murdered.

2. As you like it: "One should not mistake Brancusi for an aesthete . . . he is trying to save the world by pure form. . . ." Tra la.

3. I am sure that the marble I spoke of was Brancusi's. I am not sure that it was a phallus. One can never be sure of a work of art. Maybe it was an impatient worm, tired of waiting to become a butterfly, just about to crawl out of its cocoon.

I can't admire Gaudier's gesture. Whatever he did put into his pocket he certainly did not go to get shot. He thought he would do a little

burgs the last battle for "freedom" is won?

The old mother is shrieking with birth pains. The Odyssey of today must be on its way. It is not coming from Rapallo. It must be made by guys who are trying to find out what

the damn thing is all about, and who are not running away from it.

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What has struck some of us on the fringe of the labor movement is a partially discovered, yet unexplored, new continent of art and literature, which is just swinging into view, to be fully disclosed—if ever—when the "working stiffs" actually become vocal. This lack of homogeneous reading public among the workers fixes limitations to the creation, publishing and marketing of so-called working-class literature. And it is essential to create this reading public among the workers as a necessary first step in the gestation of a new literature.

It is likely that when the proletariat becomes articulate, human nature will not be revealed in terms much different from—say, as Dickens saw it, or Galsworthy; but it is also likely that we shall see social motives and social loyalties, and a new set of social relationships strongly stressed. Belles Lettres will disappear; for that matter it has, to judge by the views expressed by your group of contributors to the symposium. Does anyone any longer believe that an artist is an independent genius moved by divine inspiration to create a work of Platonic perfection? Artists are people.

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A Czechoslovak who had spent a good deal of time in jail for political, anti-Austrian activity, once said to me: Yes, we wanted freedom; now we have it we find it wd. be a good thing if we (the C-S) also had a little money.

The next step is to feel that there are few good jobs, like, let us say, the Odyssey or something of that sort, either done, or in the process of being done.

shooting himself. He realized there was a war. Some credit is due him for that.

4. You would be surprised, it is not only possible for biologists and sociologists to work hand in hand, but most desirable.

What funny notions you have got. Why should I throw rocks at anything *useful*?

The artist's job is not to pray for pie in the sky. If the revolution is worth hoping for, it is worth working for. Yes sir!

I am afraid your Czechoslovak friend got too old in those Austrian jails. He must be a social democrat or something. Does he think that with the overthrow of the Haps-



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PROHIBITION AT ITS WORST—

Prohibition At Its Worst, by Irving Fisher. Macmillan. \$1.75.

IRVING FISHER, Professor of Economics at Yale University, has written a book with the above title and it is well-named. It is the worst I have ever read; the crookedest thinking I have ever met. No Prohibitionist is a thinker. All Prohibitionists are, biologically, emotionalists. This book is founded on statistics, the one poor ewe-lamb of professors of Economics.

This professor of Economics at Yale, though he ought to know statistics are treacherous even about cotton, wheat or wages, bases his thesis on the Drink Evil upon statistics gathered by Prohibitionists. "Figures do not lie but liars figure." Let us leave the professor to his figures, every one of which can be contradicted by other figures and look at this question for ourselves.

Drunkenness involves biology, heredity, psychology, physiology and every subtle element of human behavior and very importantly involves Social Economics. Yet this professor of Economics at Yale has not one word on the relation of drunkenness to poverty, misery, discouragement. He has not even sensed that drunks are not made by liquor, but by something within themselves which compels a resort to liquor. He might learn something from Christian Science in its psychological cure of drunkenness. He might learn something from that most temperate of all countries, Italy, and from sober, wine-drinking France. He might learn something from history and the failure of every attempt to compel peoples' habits by force. But he sees only the Demon Rum—not the human being beyond the demon, inviting the monster to come on.

He rejects education—education is too slow for this educator. A change in social economics does not occur to this economist. Force is his only remedy. The ideal of this leader of youth is a penitentiary or a coral island surrounded by fleets and lousy with police so not even Kumyss or paregoric can penetrate. Here he would raise a hot-house bred, hand-picked society of perfect youth—perfectly imprisoned.

Every Prohibitionist is an egotist, and at heart a tyrant. The root of his thought is to make others live as he thinks they should live, or by God, he will know the reason why. So the millions of sober, decent, temperate people are driven underground as criminals and a fairly law-abiding society becomes a disorderly one.

Professor Fisher cries out from the wilderness of his book that the administration of the dry laws is

"insufferable." It is, but he wants more of it. Corrupt collusion of Prohibition forces with rum fleets and bootleggers and police; graft everywhere, law-breaking the great sport of the day! "Speak-easies," "night clubs," "hip-pocket saloons" for boys and girls. Girls rivaling boys at college in analytical geometry and synthetic gin; bath tubs in which to sober up the girls at college parties; seductions, abortions.

Keep the home fires burning under stills and brew-kettles. Mr. Fisher does not see the unconquerable determination of man to live his own life in his own way. He does not see the granite wall of human nature, but cries out for more fleets, more armies, more millions, more stool pigeons.

Uncle Sam is now a professional poisoner, an employer and rewarder of Judases. Appealing to human sympathy and comradeship only to betray hospitality; blinding poor ignorant men as the penalty for a drink. Wayne Wheeler, the Torquemada of the Holy Inquisition is delighted and begs Brother Coolidge not to desist from murder till the last wretch who does not do as he says is put to death. The saloon at its worst never flooded the land with such a tide of corruption, debauchery, degeneration and infamy. This, however, may be said in favor of Prohibition. Many saloon-keepers who were poor enough in the old days, are now, as bootleggers, rich and happy. A generation is growing up that has such contempt for law and sees so clearly what government is, that the scare-cry "revolutionist" will only make them laugh.

Glance at the chapters on "Substitutes" and "Personal Freedom" and get the whole quality of this amazing bundle of crooked thinking. In the chapter on "Substitutes" the author shows the anatomical bewilderment caused by the half of one per cent of alcohol and throws a pillow at "near beer." In this last he has my hearty support. Nothing too bad can be said of near beer. But the Demon Rum bulks so large before the Professor's eyes that proportions are forgot and a drop is as bad as a bucketful. Children know better than that. For the professor it is sufficient that alcohol is a D-rr-ug. Enter the Demon ten feet high. So is coffee a drug, bad for the heart. So is tobacco a drug, bad for heart and eyes. Lettuce is a drug; the parsnip is a drug; figs are a drug. Religion is a drug. Anything is a drug if you have no self-control.

The history of progress is a struggle for freedom—freedom of

thought, freedom of speech, freedom to be one's self. Freedom is man's deepest instinct. He feels in his marrow that only by and in freedom can he live and move and have his being. Every effort to enslave

robber takes the liberty or license, to arrogate, unearned, the products of his neighbor's efforts—but the liberty of the community, as a whole, necessitates law, prohibiting the vicious license the robber takes." Ergo, the burglar who breaks in by force and murders and robs is only claiming the same liberty as a man who sips his own wine in his own house for his own comfort, or discomfort, as you please. The whole book may be judged by this sample of logic.

One more and I am through. The learned Professor concludes his thesis with this gem: "Real personal liberty—the liberty to live and enjoy the full use of our faculties is increased by Prohibition."

There you have it *ex cathedra*. Black is white. To prohibit is to set free. Restraint is liberty. Torquemada and Mussolini—how you have been misjudged! You only burned, you only imprison and exile, that men may enjoy the full use of their faculties to think and act as you order and to the end that they may live the happier and more free (as you see it) in the mortal life and the life eternal.

Eli, what you need for the high chair of Economics is a bib and rattle.

Charles Erskine Scott Wood



thought, speech and the right to live one's own life peaceably one's own way, has failed. Does this occupant of the high chair of Economics at Yale feel this or know this? First he repeats the old fallacy of the master-minded courts: "Liberty but not License."

After praying before this ancient altar the author says of Liberty: "A

ANNAT ISH BESH-SH

Prohibition in the United States, by D. Leigh Colvin, Ph.D. Doran. \$5.00.

HERE is a book that shld be readms by every man, woman and chld in the United states, adn can be read with grsat enjo yment on a cold winter night sitting before the fire fireplace hoising the last Bacardi of a pleasant and instructive xzx evening. In the words of the blur on thb ookpacket: "Whzt brough tabout Prohibition? Whgt are its effe/2ts? the nation i phenonomon of temperance by law has never ebfore been of such unqversal interest. More than ever xsxdfx, the American People are invhstigting for them (elv)s the truth behnid the E Federal Progibition Amendmen-tofl19oc."

True words adn they will strike ar esponsiv chord in the breasts of America's profoundwst phwolosphers and drinkers. More:

"Dr. Colvin has dleved deep into the hsitory of the movement, deep below the massss of confitcng porpganda whic hsurrounds what has become agrestsocialand politcal issue. Hewshows the advance of Prohibition in America from the earliest dqys, , through Coloniallegis lation,

temperance societies, localobb opotion, states lwas, to the present times."

The bookis 6 inchse by 8 inches in zxzx size adn has a net diametre of 678 pages. Hnadsomely pirnted on white paper, black ink.

Dr. Colvin it snoted author has the following recomqndations among mwny others:

" . . . American Temperance Unversty . . . Unversties of Ohio Wesleyan California Chicago and Columbia. . Heserved for 16 years as National President of the Intercollegiate International Universal world wide Progibition association. Vice President of the Intercollegiate International Universal world wide Progibition association. Vice President of the National Temperance Council. Secretary of the Committee of Sixty. Grand past present and future treasurer of the United Committee on War Temperance Activities in the Army and Navy. Director of the World Prohibition Federation and of the International Cosmic Interstellar Interlunar Reform Bureau. In 1916 he was only Executive Secretary of the Prohibition National Campaign Committee. . Prohibition nominee for the United States senate from New York in 1916 and for Mayor of New York in 1917.

The book is therefore a fair and impartial review of Prohibition thru the ages concluding on a note both hopeful and despairing. But the Crime Statistics/ The Crime statistics in this book but end to end would reach anywhere, and are by far the most powerful gripping and most skillfully handled in every detail as any Crime Statistics published in the last & % years.

"In New York city offenses against

he person decreased from 15,147 in 1916 to 9,862 in 1920. Offenses against chwstity decreased from 5,594 in 1916 to 3,869 in 1920. In 1925 the Police Commissioner of New York City reported the following serious crimes of violence such as murder, felonious assault, assault and robbery, and burglary had decreased from"

A great book by a great man!

Kenneth Fearing

DISCREET STAGE WHISPER

The Captive, by Edouard Bourdet. *Brentano's*. \$2.00.

FROM the talk of play juries, censorship, etc., one gets the impression that this elegantly constructed drama furnishes the very latest five-star extra on perversion. Thousands of flappers hasten to the Empire Theatre to admire the plight of the lady romantically known as Irene de Montcel and to learn about women from her. Perhaps fortunately for our local moralists, but unfortunately for the play as a dramatic document, they do not learn much. For the Sapphic hymn in this case is reduced to an audible but discreet stage whisper.

The most that can be said for M. Bourdet is that he is well-bred and facile even when he is being nobly dull. In fact he is so extremely well-bred that he fails to introduce the main character at all; the vaguely terrifying woman, who holds the heroine emotionally bound and bewildered, is kept at bay in the wings throughout the three acts of the play. The author's restraint in this respect has been admired by our more classically minded critics. It is just about as noteworthy as if Shakespeare had written *Hamlet* in the form of a tense cruel dialogue between Rosenkrantz, Guildenstern and Ophelia.

But although, in my opinion, *The Captive* is no great shakes as drama, I hasten to add that I find it extremely interesting—partly because the theme is fascinating, and further because M. Bourdet has outlined the social ethics of a certain class with considerable clarity. He has no sympathy with passion that breaks the bounds of the neat French triangle—husband, wife and mistress. I do not mean that he actually applauds this apparently desirable arrangement, for he infers that even the triangle might be unnecessary if there were not so many fascinatingly perverse people about, "shadows" he calls them. "They must be left to dwell alone among themselves in the kingdom of shadows." One of these women can "poison and pillage everything before the man whose home she destroys is even aware of what's happening to him."

It appears that M. Bourdet's social compass has two poles: the real

pole which is convention, and the magnetic pole of sentiment toward which he constantly veers, a sentiment austere in expression but as florid under analysis as the thinking of any cheap magazine story. "Their lips meet," says a stage direction, "she abandons herself to him. The kiss, a long one, leaves her prostrated." The lady to whom these words apply is of course charmingly normal, and his return to her as his mistress offers the only balm to the wounded spirit of the man.

I have already indicated that the persons concerned have good clothes, excellent manners, and suffer in a formal way which reminds Mr. J. Brooks Atkinson of Greek tragedy. Mr. Atkinson further states in his introduction that "unlike the contemporary school of pettifogging novelists and dramatists, with their garish sophistication, M. Bourdet does not excuse his characters on the score of congenital weakness or worldly disillusionment or pseudo-scientific buncombe." There you have it: and inasmuch as human beings so unhappily live and breathe in an atmosphere of these three illusions, the characters of *The Captive* achieve only a partial reality—the reality of gentility and decorum facing an indecorous world whose riddle can neither be faced nor solved. Over these people the ugly idea of abnormality hangs like a menacing shadow. Concerning this terror there can be no enquiry, no incisive study. Obviously if a play is concerned with perversion, one wants the passionate fact and problem of it presented. What a tragedy could be written about that, but not, emphatically, by M. Bourdet! The tragedy of his play lies in the helplessness of his normal group.

I believe the situation would be altered not at all if they should shudder in the face of any other cloudy danger. For there is so much to wonder at, and fear, outside the limits of their feeling!

It is only fair to add that Arthur Hornblow, Jr., has done a perfect job with the translation, which is skilful, simple and faithful, a feat rare among translators.

John Howard Lawson

WHISTLE DOWN THE STREET

Children of the Sun, by James Rorty. *Macmillan*. \$1.75.

thousand hysterical concubines in silk kimonas.

And a Dark Man digging in the cellar who will not stop, though the pillars of the house are shaken.

But the eunuchs are in their places and the concubines are in their places.

(Laughter puts all things in their places—shakes his sides and pre-sides over all.)

And the priest is in his place and the business man is in his place.

And the priest's cassock is on the back of the business man and the bishop's mitre is in the business man's hand,

And the business man's sack suit is on the back of the priest, and the priest's mouth is uttering a business-like prayer;

And the King's crown is on the head of the laborer.

And the hobo's greasy jumper is on the back of the crown prince, going to the ball.

And the statesman is in his place and the lunatic in his place

And the diplomat is in his place and the criminal in his place,

All, all in their places, Laughter shaking his sides and presiding over all.

And the passionate Dark Man digging is in his place.

Dig on, Dark Man—spit on your hands and dig.

Mr. Rorty has found his material in Pullman smokers, cities, inarticulate farmers, and the open spaces. His failures may be attributed to a type of mysticism that sees a great deal in immediate objects and circumstances, but which is unable or does not find it necessary to communicate any more of the vision than shows to the eye. In other words, Mr. Rorty is prone to look at the moon or a street and see God, without convincing his readers he has done so.

All of the poems show a fine solidity, a cohesion of emotions, but not all of them are sharpened and tempered as they might be. Too many of them flow like wind and water, naturally and easily, but lacking in the final strange pattern and hardness that would make them unforgettable. Others, however, such as *When We Dead Awaken*, do achieve a real force, not an artificial one derived from the nature of the subject matter, but a force arrived at through the organic design of the poem.

The title of the book is not accidental. Mr. Rorty has a robust fibre that compels him to forego the pleasures of melancholy, in favor of a deep sanity. He is not, however, cursed by determined optimism, nor by any other special attitude.

Kenneth Fearing

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Decorations by Jean Charlot

Awful as the bells, blue-birds, and bugles may be, the poem as a whole is quite obviously successful. This poem and many another has a sincerity and imaginative sweep that rises above its imperfections and creaking mechanism.

Mr. Rorty has an eye for irony that I like, especially in *A Dark Man Digging*. He has the ability to handle with a great deal of ease such difficult things as economics, politics, metaphysics.

"They say there are a thousand squeaking eunuchs in that house, and ten

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OUT-OF-BED LADIES

Concerning Women, by Suzanne La Follette. A. and C. Boni. \$2.50.

HAD the brothers Boni really appreciated the profoundly revolutionary nature of Suzanne La Follette's comprehensive essay on feminism they could hardly have presented it in more appropriate dress. It is bound in a bright, eye-arresting red. With that, however, the Messrs. Boni appear to have washed their hands of the enterprise. The book is as hard to get as James Joyce's *Ulysses*—and for much the same reason.

For in the popular mind the treatment of sex in the broad light of common sense is a vastly more upsetting and dangerous business than the sentimental peering through a keyhole that has so long been the accepted method. Photographs of nude women furnish our leading liberal newspapers the excuse for hysterical campaigns against what they term, with singular disregard of the English language, "pornographic" pictures. The same ladies arrayed in diaphanous "underthings," however, make first rate advertising. Exactly. It is, as Miss La Follette points out, the economic factor that, in the final analysis, fixes the moral standard, and an advertisement, being paid for in round figures, obviously cannot be obscene.

The curious superstition that women are economically different from men, because there are biological distinctions, gets a resounding smack in Miss La Follette's book. "It is impossible," she says, "for a sex or a class to have economic freedom until everybody has it, and until economic freedom is attained for everybody, there can be no real freedom for anybody." And in respect to industrial labor: "The peculiar disabilities of women workers would disappear with the disabilities of laborers in general, and not a stroke of legislation would be required to make industry both safe and profitable for the woman worker"—if the prevalent social psychology were to regard productive labor as a desideratum, instead of exploitation, as in America at present.

In a word, woman's ills are being increasingly revealed as economic—not sentimental, nor sexual, nor social, nor intellectual, nor physical—and tainted with none of those red herrings which, from time immemorial have been dragged across the trail that leads, not only to woman's freedom, but to human freedom. As the Philadelphia department store owner said to the young saleslady who complained that she could not live on the \$12 a week he paid her: "Well, vat do you do vit your nights?"

Not so long ago it was solemnly argued in the United States Senate,

the Supreme Court and the reception room of the White House that negroes were entitled to no consideration because they were not human beings. The existence, however, of several hundred thousand mulattoes ultimately disposed of this theory. Either negroes were human beings or the whites of the South had been engaged in very low practices. Similarly, not so long ago it was generally maintained, even in the best circles, that woman's sphere was bounded by the kitchen range on one side and the bed on the other. Then typewriters and telephones were invented—and the whirling spray. Woman's whole status was changed over night.

Of course, it is just possible that womankind may be satisfied to regard alimony as the final achievement of a million years of struggle upward. But Miss La Follette doubts it. Because the grandmother of the modern woman bore anywhere from ten to fourteen children, her time was pretty well occupied. Now, on the other hand, a woman has just a bit of leisure (relative still), in which to think—and even, as Miss La Follette suggests, to educate herself for an active part in a radical readjustment of the whole economic system. "It is," says Miss La Follette, "only when people have literally nothing to lose but their chains that they can face without fear the prospect of revolutionary change." As this is at present by no means the case with the male portion of the American proletariat, the women of this country enjoy a rare opportunity to apply a little clear thinking to a problem which, unless solved with feminine common sense before the situation grows intolerable, may have to be solved with masculine violence when the bearing point has been passed.

Miss La Follette believes that woman's thinking along economic lines may profitably begin with an examination of the iniquities that have followed land monopoly the world over. Before the Russian revolution, some 300,000 landlords owned a country inhabited by 160,000,000 people. Before the recent revolution in Mexico, some 6,000 haciendados owned the land from which 15,000,000 people tried to wrest a livelihood. And today Queen Marie's beloved subjects are in thrall to a small landowning class. So are the Chileans. The idea that land monopoly plays only a minor role in the creation and maintenance of an exploiting class today, because capital appears on the surface to be so much more important than land values, is just another red herring.

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Yet it has become the fashion to dismiss Henry George with an amused smile. *Progress and Poverty* was written in 1877. Fourteen years later General William Booth of the Salvation Army launched a vast scheme for the moral, social and economic regeneration of the world by providing, as a charity, land for the God-fearing poor. Those who had paid little attention to Henry George hailed General Booth as a savior, with resounding hallelujahs.

Thirty-five years have passed. The Salvation Army in the United States alone has accumulated the tidy sum of \$30,000,000 in solid, income-paying properties. But General Booth's scheme to do away with poverty by prayer has collapsed. In Soviet Russia, on the other hand, the basis of the land tax in effect today is that

little idea put forward by Henry George, and at the bottom of the agrarian program in Mexico, that makes Secretary Kellogg see and scream "Red!" is Henry George's theory of free access to the land. Miss La Follette has done us all a service by reminding us of these things.

It is nothing, however, to the priceless service she has rendered the world by writing without sentimentality about women. In a day of tabloid journalism, Aimee Semple McPherson, "Peaches" Browning, Alice Rhinelander, and Lita Grey Chaplin, to have a young woman write about her sex as beings endowed with intelligence, instead of merely with two legs that are not parallel, is like a breath of fresh air in the depths of a coal mine.

Paxton Hibben

ORGANIZE THE WOMEN TOO

The Woman Worker and the Trade Unions, by Theresa Wolfson. International Publishers. \$1.75.

THERESA WOLFSON's stimulating new book, *The Woman Worker and the Trade Unions*, should give a new understanding of the problems involved in organizing women workers and the changing status of women in the trade union movement. Frankly and clearly, Miss Wolfson explains the handicaps which working women are facing, the part that tradition has played, the influence of environment and race. She points out that women workers universally receive less pay than men and gives an analysis of this discrimination.

The documentary evidence which Miss Wolfson introduces is most entertaining. The organization policy of the American Federation of Labor and its predecessor, the Knights of Labor, is delightful reading. The Knights of Labor, in its heyday, had organized fifty thousand women, and, in 1886, had established a Woman's Department and appointed a Woman Investigator. That woman did her job too well. She found that the lack of organization among women, in many industrial towns, was due to the "indifference of their brother toilers." She found that the platform of "equal pay for equal work" was but a mockery, as far as the Order was concerned. Her department lasted only four years. A Woman Investigator of 1926 knows the same facts, but she knows of no woman's department in any trade union that has been permitted to exist for four years.

Ever since 1886 the "Boys" have been very reluctant about organizing women. Resolutions passed at the yearly trade-union conventions have been full of half promises. The male workers have pledged themselves again and again to "give early con-

sideration" to their (women's) membership in such unions from which they have been excluded because of the nature of their work.

Not until 1918 did the A. F. of L. put on a corps of eight or nine women organizers to carry on an intensive campaign among women. At the same time, however, it refused to amend its constitution to include a clause requiring the election of two women to the Executive Council, and to this day there has never been a woman member of the Executive Council! However, the Council magnanimously allowed that "women delegates have the same rights and privileges as men, and they have the same rights to aspire to any office in the A. F. of L."

At the convention in Atlantic City, in 1925, a Tentative Plan for Joint Undertaking of Organization of Women in Industry was included in the report of the Executive Council. It summed up the official attitude of the Federation. This "Plan" was tested in Newark, New Jersey, last spring, to "see if women could be organized." If this drive were successful, the "Plan" might be tried elsewhere. The drive was not directed by women and there was no one really responsible for its success. Its failure will, no doubt, provide ample excuse for the A. F. of L. to pass the buck at future conventions.

This reviewer, as an organizer of women workers, feels strongly that the organization of women can be accomplished most successfully by women. Passaic has proven beyond a doubt that when the organization of masses of unskilled workers is undertaken upon a large scale the women should be organized side by side with the men.

Passaic stands out clearly as largely a woman's situation. Surely the women came through with flying



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colors. Elizabeth Gurley Flynn was perhaps the most dominant figure in the strike. And who can forget Lena Chernenko, young, vigorous and effective strike leader, or Ellen Dawson, the youthful secretary of Local 1603 of the United Textile Workers? No less brave and determined were the thousands of women strikers, their spirit, faith and solidarity unbroken over those long months. Records of police arrests and court fines of women furnish ample proof of their activity and spirit on the picket line. One remembers the patient, kindly women who ran the soup kitchens and the children's food stations, everlastingly feeding hungry little mouths. Back of the soup kitchens was the Council of Working Class Women—and the soul of it, "Ma" Gitlow.

Mary Heaton Vorse, Margaret Larkin and Hollis Ransdell in the publicity department saw to it that the Passaic strike was front page

news again and again, while the office workers, strikers themselves, mostly women, working all hours of the day and night, turned out thousands of mimeographed appeals for funds, which went all over this country. Justine Wise was able by her direct testimony of actual conditions inside the mills, proved by months of experience as a textile worker herself, to refute the taffy handed out by the mill barons about wages, hours and conditions. Clarina Michelson directed the relief fund for the Emergency Committee for Strikers' Relief ably and devotedly. And there never was a lack of women to become willing victims as test cases for the American Civil Liberties Union.

What has been accomplished in Passaic can be accomplished elsewhere. Women must be organized, and Theresa Wolfson's book proves that women can best do that work.

Ann Washington Craton

TOLD BY A BELIEVER

The Story of the Catholic Church, by Cuthbert Wright. Albert and Charles Boni. \$2.50.

This is the history of the Catholic Church, told rapidly and with a good deal of spice by a believer. The book is not solemn and the writer has a good sense of historical pageantry. It will probably be widely read. It's written with gusto and in an enlivening partisan spirit. In the middle ages the author would probably have been burned or made a cardinal. Today I think all that will happen will be that a few "broad" clergymen will find matter for sermons and a few young men in high church schools will be induced to take an occasional extra nibble at the mass.

It may be the blindness of a stiff-necked generation, but I cannot see that present day religion is anything but a backwater. In that backwater various churches wield considerable power in support of any cheap nationalist or socially retrograde group that bids for their favor. The main difference between the Catholic and other denominations seems to be that Mother Church gives her children something for their money; on the

other hand they have to pay higher in cash. I don't say that religion is dead, or anything about religion. The great terrible highways of the human spirit are not the matter for phrasemaking. Religious revivalists at present seem to divide into two sets, those who are slinging the gospels as a money making scheme and who are generally noisy in distracting people's attention from more important matters, and those who, like Cuthbert Wright, find in religion an elegantly contrived retreat from whatever realities are particularly oppressive at the moment. Certainly a solemn high mass is a better show than a Webster Hall dance, as we gather from the epilogue. I doubt if any sensible person ever denied it. But in the year of disgrace 1926 the forces at work in a Webster Hall dance, however drowned they may seem in bum gin and silliness, are more important to the future of a machine driven civilization, and to its component individuals, than all the poems of St. Francis, or all Pater's white young deacons crying *Missa est* when they have eaten the body and drunk the blood of God.

John Dos Passos.

HE KILLED HIS SCAB

Jarnegan, by Jim Tully. Boni and Liveright. \$2.00.

THAT scab Japper! "I'll murder you again in Hell, you scab!" roars Jarnegan. He waves his fists over the crumpled body by the railroad tracks. He is one of the loyal, one of the believers. The other is the eternal Judas. The other is American common sense. Who of us has the guts to kill his scab? . . .

Then: steel doors, machinery of state, routine, mill of the American

gods, the Big Jailhouse for Jarnegan. Silence and thought for Number 44733. One of his politician friends says: "Hell, it ain't murder to kill a scab." A jury of workers thinks the same. Two and a half years until the resurrection, and Jarnegan is free.

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No one need patronize this rough-neck any longer, or make critical allowances, as for Negroes and boy wonders. I like his hard, direct poetry and swift motion better than all the polished finicky poseur's fiddling that "artists" like Cabell and Hergesheimer put over on the gullible public.

Jarnegan bums the West chasing a job. That's a good part of his story. He becomes one of the millions of migratories whose lives are just a succession of dirt jobs—gandy-dancing, harvesting, tunnel, road and dam-work. Lousy box cars for a home; rank commissary grub for the belly.

Go to any labor-shipping agency and read on the bulletin boards the life story of these millions.

The only women they ever meet are in whore houses. The only friends they make are the vultures who run speakeasies. The Boweries, the Skidways, Mission streets and South Main streets are all they ever see of the great civilized cities. They are the real *sansculottes*; and on occasion they have danced the *Carmagnole*.

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It was a fluke that brought Jarnegan wealth, and lifted him out of his proletarian hell into the movie heaven at Hollywood. Read the American magazine.

Jarnegan made good in the movie world; but with his hardboiled vision of life, he couldn't help but sneer at the sham, the sentimentality and unreality around him. It was all hokum to him, this Hollywood. When his co-workers talked *art*, he could only remain silent. What did these playboys know about the raw heart of life? What did they know about the way millions of louse-bitten workers made their living? The pain and futility of his proletarian past never fitted into the glittering bunk of these shallow money-gorged people, and Jarnegan drank and whored and tried to forget himself and his past.

The book is a bit sloppy and Hollywoodish at the end. The usual rape, a clash of strong he-directors, the wire-pulling to hush matters up with the police, etc.

Tully has been a little affected by his own contact with Hollywood, and has absorbed a trace of the hokum. But it's only skin deep. This man is the real thing. And every year that he writes he comes closer to his real nature—to his proletarian past. He is not trying to shake this past off, as so many others have done. He is getting to realize that it is a fountain of strength to a writer, and that in America, everything else has turned to mush, money, *art*, and bunk.

Gus Shpizel

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